

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 826



SEPT. 26, 1835

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885

TWO EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE KING'S PARTY CROSSING A LAKE AT SKEPSTA  
Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Sydney P. Hall



THE PRINCE OF WALES KILLING HIS FIRST ELK AT SKEPSTA  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Sydney P. Hall

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWEDEN



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE'S MANIFESTO.**—Mr. Gladstone has no reason to congratulate himself on the effect produced by his Manifesto. His opponents appear to attribute little importance to it, and it has been very coldly received by the majority of his supporters. With regard to the foreign policy of the late Government, Mr. Gladstone has nothing better to say than that all their mistakes were the direct and inevitable consequence of the establishment of the Dual Control in Egypt. This remarkable statement he has often made before, but the evidence for it is carefully concealed. To most people it seems that he might as well excuse himself by a reference to the malign influence of the Man in the Moon. In his treatment of domestic questions Mr. Gladstone is careful to refrain from the expression of any very definite opinions. No one can tell from this rather dreary document what he really thinks about the proposal for the Disestablishment of the Church, about Mr. Chamberlain's schemes for the creation of a peasant proprietary, or even about Mr. Parnell's latest demands. It is possible that when Mr. Gladstone addresses his constituents in public meetings he may speak out a little more plainly; but in the mean time he has given no help to voters who may be hesitating as to the course they will adopt in the General Election. The only really important paragraph of his Manifesto is that in which he speaks of the part he himself proposes to play in the next Parliament. His statements on this subject have been interpreted in different ways, but, on the whole, it seems most probable that if he secures a majority for his party he intends to transfer the leadership to younger hands. Liberal electors are therefore likely to be placed in a somewhat difficult position; for in voting for Mr. Gladstone's supporters they will be ignorant whether they are voting for the policy represented by Lord Hartington, or for that represented by Mr. Chamberlain.

**BOYCOTTING.**—The Irish have their defects, as even their best friends must allow, but they also have their merits. No other nationality can match them for organising conspiracies which shall just be beyond the grasp of the law, or for talking treason which shall just escape being legally treasonable. Boycotting has now been elevated to the dignity of a Fine Art. Moonlighting may be effective, but is decidedly coarse. You and your companions enter your victim's cottage with blackened faces, and at the end of your visit you discharge the contents of your gun into his legs. About such operations as this there is, it must be confessed, something repulsive. Whereas boycotting looks harmless enough. A tradesman simply declines to supply a would-be customer with goods. What mischief in that? Why, no more mischief than in letting a drop of water fall on a man's forehead. But keep on repeating the operation, and it becomes maddening torture. We have all no doubt read the case of the Limerick widow. She had committed the heinous crime of lending horses to a magistrate. The National League ordered her to be boycotted, and boycotted she was. She and her children were regularly starved out, so that at last she had to make her submission to the League. Then, as for treason, we should be inclined to say that the fact of an Irish Nationalist M.P. coming and spouting a lot of semi-treasonable stuff in a Yorkshire town-hall was the height of impudence, were it not that John Bull is so extraordinarily thick-headed and insensible in such matters. Too insensible, perhaps, for it is a serious thing to declare that, if we refuse the Irish Home Rule, they will all take up arms against us in case of a war with France. We observe, by the way, that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has been recommending that none but men of blameless moral character should be sent to Parliament. Very excellent advice; but ought not the electors who choose these M.P.'s to be also men of blameless morals? Are boycotting and shooting men in the legs reckoned as saintly deeds by the Roman Catholic Church? If they are not, why do His Grace and his fellow ecclesiastics hesitate to rebuke such actions? The explanation perhaps is that such outspokenness would be impolitic.

**LABOURERS' ALLOTMENTS.**—It is altogether satisfactory to see such a *consensus* of authoritative opinion in favour of labourers' allotments. Even Mr. Chamberlain must recognise that what comes from such experts as Lord Tollemache, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Akers-Douglas, and Lord Dartmouth on this question, deserves to carry weight. These and other authorities desire to see the allotment system become universal, rightly regarding it as the only practical way of creating that latest idol of Radical doctrinaires, "the peasant proprietor." Not that the holder of an allotment is a proprietor in any sense. As a rule, he only holds his plot from year to year, at a rent proportionate to its size. But the landlord never thinks of disturbing any of those tenants who show earnestness in their desire to improve their circumstances. In some cases, this ambition works wonders in promoting industry, thrift, and temperance. At the village of Croughton, South Northamptonshire, the Rector, the Rev. John Lister, formerly broke up about one hundred and twenty acres of his glebe into allotments of various sizes. The plots were readily snapped up by the villagers—all farm-labourers—at a fair rent; and, although a few soon failed, the great

majority earned a comfortable addition to their incomes, not to speak of the money they saved by tilling their little holdings instead of spending their evenings at the ale-house. One man in particular did so well that, in the course of some years, he acquired several large allotments, aggregating thirty or forty acres. This necessitated, of course, his giving up farm-labour, but he could well afford to do so, the profits of his own little farm being sufficient to keep himself and his family in comfort, besides putting money into the bank. We have mentioned this instance as indicating the sort of principle which should be adopted when developing the allotment system. No doubt, most of those who rent them will always remain farm-labourers, but here and there one may be found with the qualities necessary for the attainment of a higher *status*, and, in these cases, every facility should be afforded to increase the size of the holding.

**BULGARIA AND THE PORTE.**—The Porte cannot be accused of having acted precipitately when it heard of the successful revolution in Eastern Roumelia. It seems to have been stunned by the news, and the chances now appear to be that it will accept the accomplished fact. This is undoubtedly the course it will adopt if it wishes to avoid the creation of new difficulties. The Russian Government is said to be very angry with Prince Alexander; and, according to some authorities, it is of opinion that he should be deposed. But, whatever the Russian Government may think, the Russian people regard the Prince as a hero, and if he were attacked by the Porte they would certainly cry out for a new Russo-Turkish War. How such a war would end the Turks must know very well. They would not again be saved by England from the consequences of their folly, nor would any other Power come to their aid. Whether or not Constantinople would pass into the hands of the Russians, the Ottoman Empire in Europe would at any rate be destroyed. If, then, the Sultan is as prudent a man as he is generally believed to be, he will not attempt to undo the union of the two Bulgarias. After all, he would not gain much by interference, even if the Russians did not attack him. Prince Alexander is still willing to recognise him as suzerain, and the rights of suzerainty are all that the Turkish Sovereign can now hope to retain in any province which chooses to rebel against him. The Sultan will be fortunate if the fire which has been lighted does not spread to other parts of his dominions. If it is confined within its present limits, he will owe this result, not to his own wisdom and energy, but to the rivalries and jealousies of his neighbours.

**SOCIALISTS AND THE POLICE.**—A few years ago it was a matter for congratulation that Socialism, although rife on the Continent, was practically unknown in this country. This boast can no longer be made. The Socialists, with their anarchical doctrines, are amongst us, and, as the thorough-going old days when people were prosecuted and punished for holding opinions obnoxious to persons in authority have probably gone by for ever, we must make the best of these professors of the art of turning the world upside down. Thus far, however, it is questionable whether we have not made the worst of them. We have given these gentlemen just what they want, namely, "bold advertisement." The other day they were a feeble and utterly obscure sect, of whom the world at large took little or no heed. Now, thanks to the action of the East End police and magistracy, the Socialists have become almost as well known to the public as is the redoubtable Mrs. Weldon. It was a pity to provide them with this notoriety, except under the pressure of absolute necessity. The question then arises whether this absolute necessity existed. The police allege that it did. They say that the Socialists obstructed public thoroughfares with their meetings, that they refused to disperse when requested to do so, and that consequently they were arrested. Mr. Saunders, the magistrate, took the view of the police. He fined the defendants, inflicting in one case a sentence of imprisonment where an assault had been committed. But it is quite possible that both Mr. Saunders and the police, though technically in the right, were really in the wrong. Obstruction is not easily defined. The public thoroughfares are primarily made for locomotive purposes, and therefore a person who stops to gaze into a shop-window is doing a something which partakes of the nature of an unlawful act. A congregation of persons similarly engaged may cause an obstruction, such as is often seen in Fleet Street when there is a big race on, and a crowd assembles in front of the offices of the sporting papers to watch for the telegram. But in such matters strict law must be tempered by common sense. If a Punch and Judy man were to set up his show in the middle of the Strand, and refuse to budge, the police would rightfully run him in. But when he sets it up (as he often does) in that quiet bay under the shadow of St. Clement's Church, just opposite our windows, the police wisely leave him and his audience alone. It is in this spirit that we would deal with the Socialists and all our street rhetoricians. London is a big place, and there are plenty of by-streets and unoccupied bits of waste ground where a crowd, provided that it is in itself orderly, is no nuisance to anybody. The Home Secretary will do well to instruct the police to this effect. Hitherto he can scarcely be said to have covered himself with glory. People cannot help contrasting the impunity accorded to the hawkers of objectionable news-sheets, with the severity shown towards the Socialists.

**FRANCE AND BURMAH.**—The Calcutta report of the alleged discovery of a secret treaty between France and Burmah probably had its origin in the recent negotiations between King Theebaw and a French company for the privilege of constructing railways in his dominions. That in itself would be quite enough to alarm the Calcutta people, who are curiously nervous on the subject of European intrigue at Mandalay. At the back of this vague terror, however, may be found a quite different and much more reasonable feeling. Ever since Lower Burmah proved such a valuable appanage to India, Anglo-Indians have more and more coveted the whole country. Not only for itself, although there can be little doubt that Upper Burmah would be as prosperous as Lower, if given the same administration. It is mainly, however, because the overland route to China passes through Theebaw's territories, and is blocked to English trade by that repulsive monarch, that the question of annexation continues to gain ground at Calcutta. Theoretically speaking, we have no right whatever to lay hands on Upper Burmah, and this moral obligation to keep from picking and stealing has, so far, been faithfully observed. But there is another obligation of even greater force resting on States all over the world—self-protection. If, therefore, it were discovered that King Theebaw was in danger of falling into the condition of a French vassal, England would be bound to interfere with a high hand, whether it was at his wish or not. It certainly seems very improbable that the French Government should be meditating an adventure of this sort. But not more unlikely than the mad Madagascar and Tonquin enterprises would have appeared ten years ago. On the whole, the situation is one in which it is best to err on the safe side, and that can only be reached by the absorption of Upper Burmah into the Indian Empire.

**ENGLAND AND UNITED BULGARIA.**—Many Continental politicians have expressed surprise at the comparative apathy with which England is watching the course of events in South-Eastern Europe. They seem to have forgotten that all the conditions are changed since the time when the Bulgarian atrocities excited so much anger in this country. No one pretends that the present movement is due to any very violent acts of oppression. Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria have not been allowed to enjoy the advantages of free trade, and they have found it rather costly to have separate governments. These may be real grievances, but they are not evils about which the English people can be expected to be much excited. Again, at the time of the Berlin Congress Russia was supreme in the Balkan Peninsula; and some of our most important interests seemed to be imperilled by her growing power and ambition. Now the small States which have been carved out of the Ottoman Empire have become more independent. They are jealous of Russian interference, and would not willingly subject themselves to the despotism of the Czar. There is therefore no particular reason why Englishmen should take a very strong interest in the movement at the head of which Prince Alexander has placed himself. If the two Bulgarias are permanently united, that will be a result which most English Liberals have always desired; and it will not conflict with any important object of Conservative policy.

**THE HAMPSTEAD ROAD COSTERMONGERS.**—We boldly confess that our sympathies are with the costers. They have been there a long time, and they are a great convenience to the poor. At their stalls you may buy almost anything you want, from a cucumber to a penny packet of note-paper. Nor do the adjacent shopkeepers detest them as much as they did, because they have found from experience that, although the costers are in some respects formidable rivals, they possess also a powerful magnetic attraction for the multitude. Hence the crowd, although primarily drawn together by the costers' barrows, spends no small portion of its money in the shops. But the St. Pancras Vestry allege that the costermongers' stalls are a formidable obstruction, and they have ordered them away into Drummond Street and Henry Street, whither, trade-fancies being very capricious, it is quite likely that the bulk of their customers may refuse to follow them. For the costermongers, therefore, the Vestry edict is a very serious matter indeed, and it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that they are disinclined to obey it. We fully admit that they constitute an obstruction. Whatever the width of the Hampstead Road may be, their stalls and barrows necessarily reduce the space left for vehicles. But why should we be so considerate about tram-cars and omnibuses, waggons and cabs? The roadway, as we have often heard learned judges declare, no more belongs to them than it does to pedestrians. If so, why should an institution which is conducive to pedestrians' convenience be abolished? It is absurd to call the obstruction intolerable. Let any of our readers go to the spot and watch the traffic. Compared with some of the City thoroughfares, there is no want of space. If anything is a nuisance, it is the tram-car, with its inability to get out of the way, and its nasty jarring metals. The St. Pancras Vestry might find something better to do than chivying the costers. Let them see that their dust-carts call punctually; let them take care that their macadamised roads are repaired with stones of the proper size; let them zealously support their health officer in purifying unwholesome houses; and we shall pay our rates, if not with gratitude, at least with equanimity.



**LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCES AT SEA.**—Old salts will laugh, no doubt, at Mr. Howard Vincent's suggestion that every British ship which puts to sea should be furnished with a sufficient number of life-belts to allow one for every person on board. We fear, however, that, even were this done under legal compulsion, the belts would be carefully stowed away in some inaccessible place the moment blue water was reached. Smart skippers like to see smartness all around them, and it certainly would not conduce to that appearance to have several score of life-belts knocking about the deck ready for instant use. On the other hand, slovenly skippers always put below decks anything which comes into the category of lumber. By doing so they get rid of trouble, the chief object of their existences. Not less difficult would it be to convince either the smart or the slovenly that the quarter-boats should always be kept on the davits, duly supplied with water-kegs, and ready for lowering at a moment's notice. Were this done, there would always be the chance of the boats being swept away during stormy weather; and the owner would probably say something unpleasant to the skipper did the latter explain, at the end of the voyage, that the boats were sacrificed in the interests of humanity. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Vincent states, that all the ship-boats, especially the larger ones, are entirely useless in any sudden emergency. For all the good they are, they might as well be stowed down below among the cargo. We fear, nevertheless, that those who go down to the sea in sailing ships and freight steamers must make up their minds to run these risks. The great passenger steamers, such as those which ply across the Atlantic and to New Zealand, come into a different category, and it would not be asking too much of their owners to adopt the precautions recommended by Mr. Vincent.

**LORD IDDESLEIGH'S SPEECHES.**—If Lord Iddesleigh were accepted as the highest representative of Tory policy, it might be safely said that his party would have little chance of success in the coming elections. So far as mere form is concerned, some passages of his speeches at Aberdeen were far above the level he usually reaches; but in the substance of what he had to say there was certainly not much to interest the new electors. Lord Iddesleigh hardly seems to be aware that any change has been produced in the conditions of political life by the extension of the suffrage. He goes over all the old commonplaces about the Constitution as if no new questions had been raised, and as if reasonable Englishmen must necessarily be content with laws which were good enough for their forefathers. The truth is, that whether statesmen like the fact or not they must be prepared to deal with political problems in a spirit very different from that which has hitherto prevailed in Parliament. The Socialists are not, and probably never will be, a very powerful party in England; but there is now a very general feeling that the evils for which they think they have a panacea cannot be safely let alone, and that the causes of our social maladies must in some way be grappled with by the State. Political leaders by whom this is not recognised may be men of excellent intentions, but they will not be able to excite enthusiasm among the masses of the population. Perhaps the Tory Democrats may be more successful than Lord Iddesleigh has been in awakening the sympathy of working men. Unfortunately, they have one rather serious difficulty to contend with, and that is that no one has ever quite made out what Tory Democracy means.

**ACCLIMATISATION.**—Prudent people are just now sounding a note of warning concerning this fascinating and apparently beneficent pursuit. The rabbit (and we may add the thistle) in Australia, and the sparrow in America, are, of course, cited as "frightful examples." Care certainly should be taken about introducing American fish into English waters. From all that we can learn, the fish of the Western world—both sea and fresh water—are not comparable in flavour to those of Europe, and it would be a terrible calamity if we were to acclimatise some voracious brute from the Great Republic, who, after making mincemeat of our delicious soles, salmon, and turbot, were himself to prove utterly uneatable. The only foreign fish which we feel really desirous to possess is that called the *silurus*, which comes from the Danube, and which attains to a weight of 300lb., so Mr. Dougall says, and can be fed in a small pond as if it were a water-pig. Who knows?—perhaps the *silurus* would prove the regeneration of Ireland. There would then be a couple of "gentlemen," one on the land and one in the water, to pay the rent which landlords just now find it so hard to get. With regard to rabbits, the reason they have increased so inordinately in Australia is that the country is very thinly peopled, and that what gamekeepers disrespectfully call "vermin" are rare. In this country, since the passing of the Ground Game Act, rabbits have become scarce, and the inhabitants of our big towns have been more than ever dependent on the Continent for the supply of an appetising food which, to persons of small income (poultry and game being beyond their means) makes a refreshing variety to the eternal beef, mutton, and pork.

**THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.**—If the Turk be not "unspeakable," he is certainly incorrigible in always putting off reforms until they are dragged from him by the *force majeure* of circumstances. There is really no one like him for this sort of conservatism; the heathen Chinese is quite a go-ahead

person by the side of the Turk. He refuses to believe, for instance, that the Armenian Question presses for settlement. It has been pressing ever since the Berlin Treaty was executed. As Mr. Hagopian reminds us, in a letter to the *Times*, that famous international compact placed direct obligation on the Sultan to accord the rights of humanity to his Armenian subjects. England went even farther than the rest of Europe in this kindly endeavour, making a special compact with the Porte with a view to secure decent administration in Asia Minor. But from that day to this the Turk has done nothing. He does not disown his obligations, nor does he pretend that they have been fulfilled. His only excuse is that administrative reform costs a great deal of money; and, as he never has a farthing to spare, while Europe declines to lend him any, he is unable to perform his covenants. This plea would be irresistible, were it not that the Sultan and his *entourage*, male and female, always have abundant supplies of cash. A tithe of the money squandered in supporting the Palace and the Seraglio would suffice to protect the Armenians from those ruffianly bandits, the Koords. But the Sultanas and the Pashas between them take good care that not a single piastre is spent for purposes of that sort, and so the unfortunate Armenians continue to be the worst governed race within hail of civilisation. Nor do we expect that the Porte will take warning from the ominous assemblage of large Russian forces on the Armenian frontier. Aware that the Armenians have little liking for the nationality-effacing rule of the Czar, the Turk believes that they will endure anything sooner than apply for Russian protection. Perhaps Mr. Hagopian's letter will undeceive him on that head. It is temperately written, but throughout there breathes the spirit of the worm that turns.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock. OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, a new play, by Henry A. Jones and John G. Barry, entitled *HOODMAN BLIND*. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices:—Private Boxes, £1 1s. 10 to 49 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office 9.30 to 5.0. No fees.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be produced *DARK DAYS*, an original play in five acts, by J. Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway. Mr. Beerholm Tree, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurice, Mr. J. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Glover Armstrong, Mr. E. Otley, Mr. Basil West, Mr. A. Darwin, Mr. U. Winter, and Mr. Barrymore. Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Lingard.—New scenery by Messrs. Telbin, Walter Johnstone, and Perkins.—Booking Office open daily from 10 till 5. No fees.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.**—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening 8.0. Comedietta. Followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called *THE GREAT PINK PEARL*. For cast see daily papers. Doors open 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700).

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THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.  
THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT  
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**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS  
at THREE as well.  
Doors open at 7.30 and 7.  
Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7.  
No fees of any description.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's *LAST GREAT PICTURE*, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the *DORE GALLERY*, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,"** and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

**NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.**  
MAYTIME, BASIL BRADLEY.  
TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY, S. E. WALLER.  
NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEPHON,"  
THE GLOAMING, CARL HEFFNER.  
DAWN (Companion to do.),  
THE MISSING BOAT, R. H. CARTER.  
A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH, DENDY SANDER.  
FIRST DAYS OF SPRING, ISENBART.  
PARTING KISS, ALMA TADEMA.  
&c. &c. &c.

N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.  
**THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.**  
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**BRIGHTON.**—Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday.  
From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.  
Cheap Ha'penny First Class Day Tickets to Brighton  
Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday.  
From Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare 10s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EAST-BOURNE.**—Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily (up to and including Wednesday, September 30th), by Fast Trains from London Bridge 10.10 a.m. Weekdays, 9.30 a.m. Sundays, calling at East Croydon.  
From Victoria 9.55 a.m. Weekdays, 9.25 a.m. Sundays.  
From Kensington (Addison Road) 9.55 a.m. Weekdays. 9.10 a.m. Sundays, calling at Clapham Junction. Fares, 15s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

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**EXPRESS DAY SERVICE.**—Every Weekday as under:—  
Victoria Station London Bridge Station Paris  
Sept. 28 Dep. 8.10 a.m. Dep. 8.20 a.m. Arr. 6.40 p.m.  
" 29 " 9.10 " " 9.20 " " 7.40 " "  
" 30 " 9.10 " " 9.20 " " 7.40 " "

**NIGHT SERVICE.**—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

**FARES.**—London to Paris and Back.—1st Class. £2 17 0. 2nd Class. £2 10 0.  
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Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.  
The "Normandy" and "Brittany" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 5½ hours.  
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**NOTICE.**—With this Number are issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, namely "A VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF HEALTH;" and A MAP PRINTED IN COLOURS, showing BULGARIA, EASTERN ROUMELIA, &c.



### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWEDEN

TAKING our sketches chronologically, our double-page illustration represents the Prince of Wales inspecting a herd of reindeer at Storlien, the first station over the Swedish frontier on the railway journey from Thronthjem to Stockholm. This herd had been brought down from the mountains by the King's order. "There were actually 400 deer present," writes our artist, "but there ought to have been 1,000. The rest had been driven away by the rains and the heat of the sun—perhaps, indeed, by the mosquitos. The deer belonged to a Lap—probably not pure bred—named Jens, who is shown in my sketch. He owns 2,000 deer, and has besides 10,000 in the bank. His family were with him. The deer were in beautiful condition, mostly fine old stags—their horns in velvet and their coats like otter skins in colour and sleekness. A magnificent stag, with a bell round his neck, was led by a Lap as near as possible to the Prince. The rest were intended to follow the bell, and were driven by a Lap with dogs (Pomeranian in shape, chestnut in colour), but the big stag was no sooner near them than the herd broke away, and galloped over the crest of the hill. Baron Oscar Dickson was with the Prince."

Some illustrations of the Prince's visit to Stockholm appeared last week, and our present sketch depicts the return of the yachts to Stockholm after the regatta of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. "The long line of yachts," writes Mr. Hall, "headed by the *Zuleika*, all dressed, is being towed along. The Royal yacht *Drott* is on the right. Steamers to the left, crowded with passengers, came up alongside one after the other, saluting the King and Princes with their salvoes of short hurrahs. Over and over again the King shouted his thanks. Sometimes a steamer would draw up with all on board singing 'God Save the Queen.' The procession passed slowly to Stockholm—thirty-five miles distant from the scene of the regatta. For nearly the whole distance the shores of the thousand and one islets which are passed, dotted with pretty villas, were illuminated. Clumps of fir and spruce told dark against the woodwork of each chalet flushed with red fire; masses of rock and foliage were alternately crimson and blue. The tops of the higher and more distant hills flashed with beacons. On April 4th, 1880, they were lit up as now on the return of the *Vega*. Captain Palander, who then stood on the bridge of the *Vega* with twenty electric lights turned on him, was on board the *Drott* now. Rockets shot up overhead from everywhere, while bands were heard playing on shore. The effect was heightened

perhaps in mystery by the murkiness of the atmosphere, thick with rain and stirred with gusts of wind. 'Though we are natives of the place,' Count Rosen said, 'we do not know where we are.' A hard task for the pilot, and yet we arrived safe at the quay about eleven o'clock without touch."

From Stockholm the Prince went, on September 8th, to Baron Dickson's seat at Skepsta for some elk shooting, and thence to Hunneberg, to shoot over the Crown lands. "These," continues our artist, "extend over 14,000 acres, but have only yielded of late a yearly return of 1,000, owing to the damage done to the young trees, Scotch fir



King Oscar in Hunting Costume

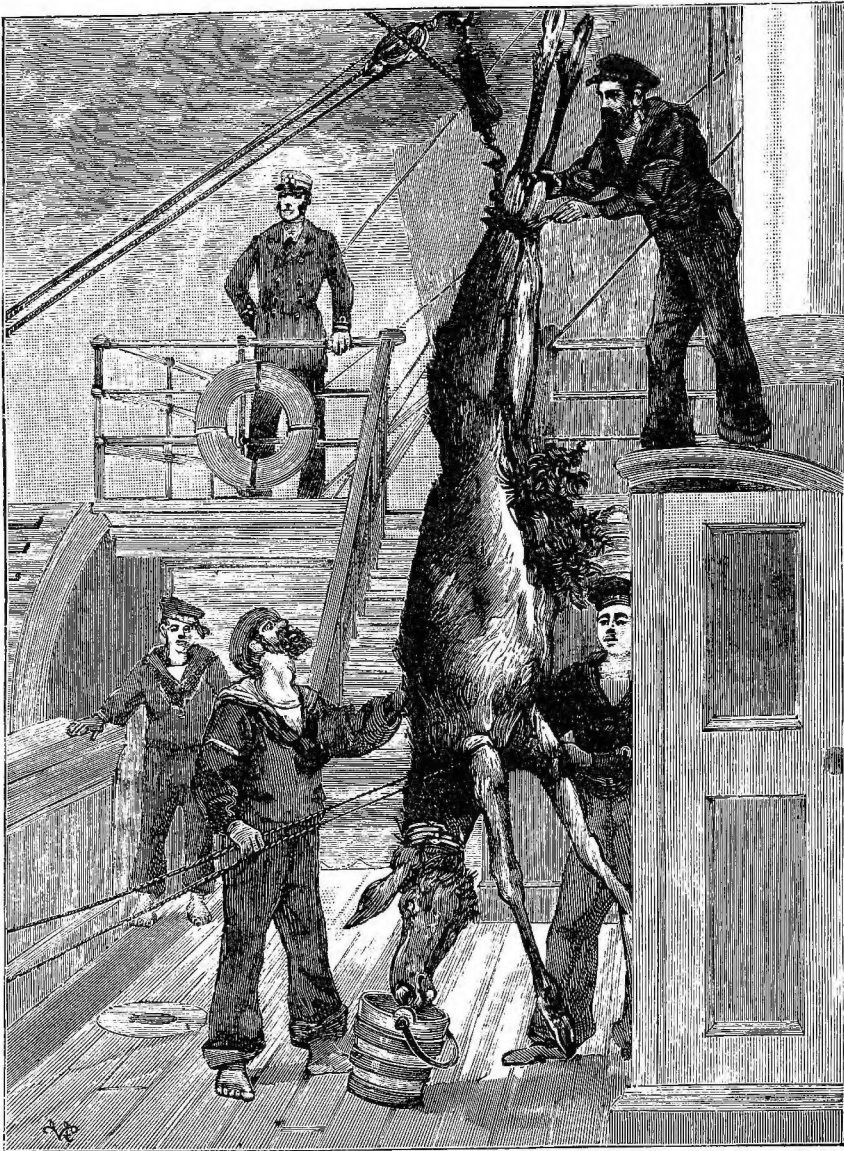
and birch, by the elk. There were said to be over eighty elk on the ground, fifty of which are stated to have been shot on September 10th. The district had not been shot over for thirty years." One of Mr. Hall's sketches represents the Prince shooting his first elk at Skepsta; another, the Royal party crossing a lake there. The King is steering, and next him are sitting the Prince of Wales and Crown Prince.

Mr. Axel Dickson, and his son, a midshipman in the Swedish Navy, are rowing, and in the bows is sitting Baron Oscar Dickson. In another sketch the party are shown crossing a morass, led by an old forester. The King follows, then the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, Prince Eugene, the Grand Veneur, Lord Suffield, Sir Allan Young, Captain Palander, the gallant Commander of the *Vega* Expedition, and the Comte de St. Prest following on land. "At Sjuenda," writes our artist, "there was only one beat, and but three elks were killed by the Crown Prince, Captain Fawkes of the *Osborne*, and Lieutenant Colville. It was a lovely day, and delicious to sit in the forest in the sun, waiting behind the screens of fir branches. After the beat the King sat down to eat a sandwich under a big fir-tree on a roughly extemporised bench, and with his arm on the Prince's shoulder. The Grand Veneur, Ankerkrone, was on the other side. Prince Eugene stood opposite. The Prince of Wales sat on a clump of moss. The beaters crowded round, determined to reward themselves for their toil by a close view of Royalty. The Crown Prince

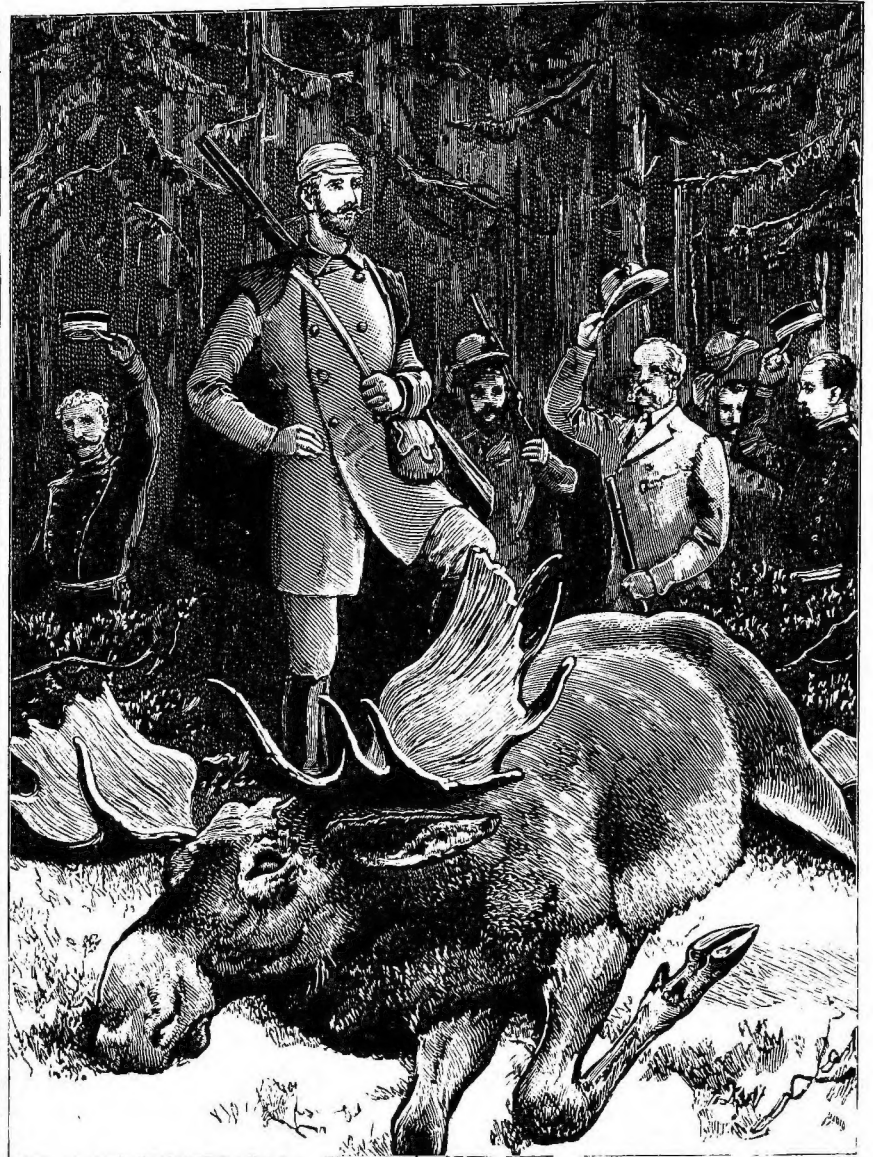


The Crown Prince in Hunting Costume

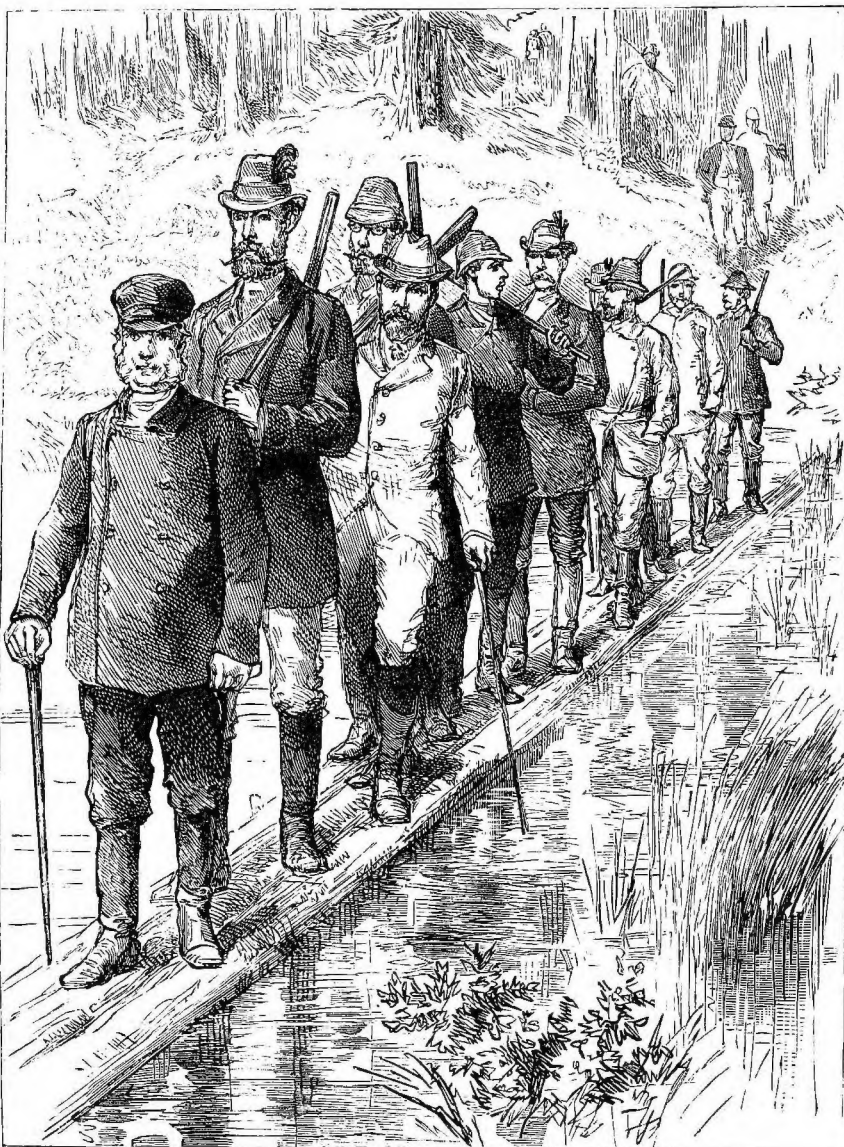




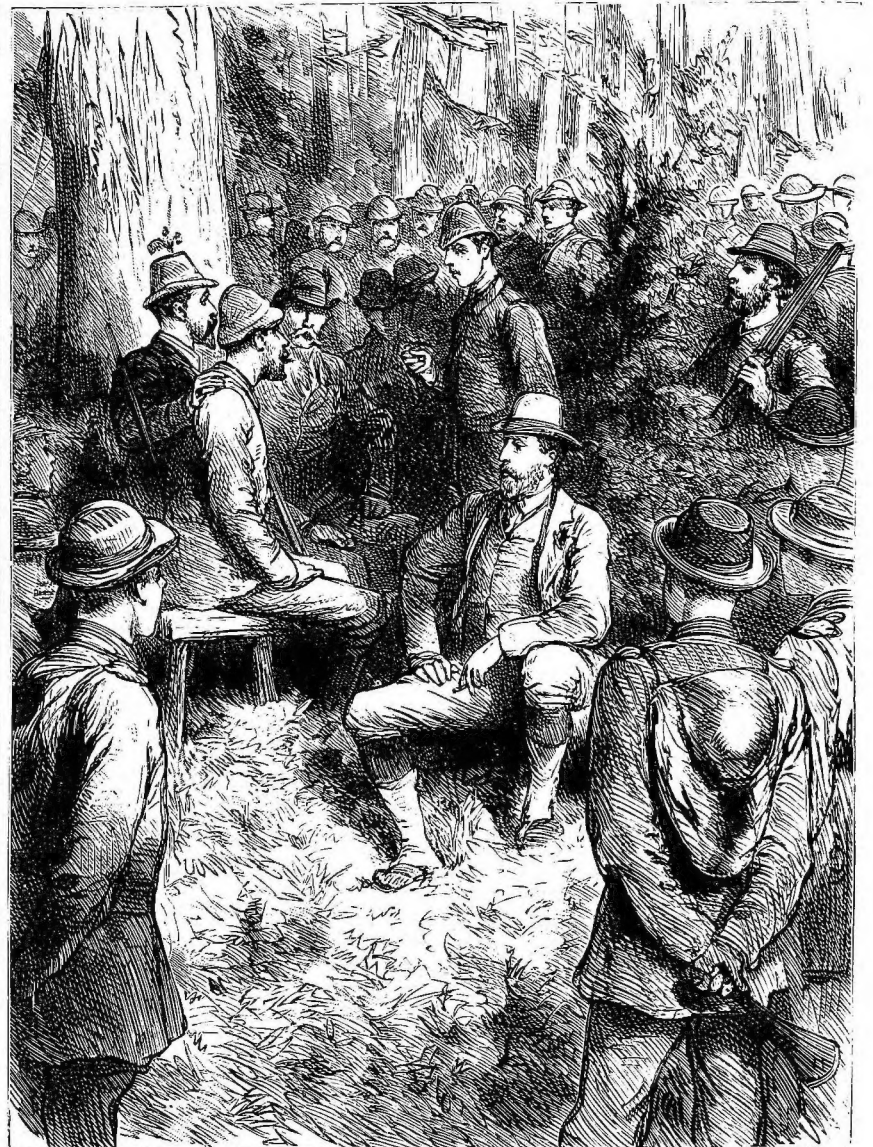
WEIGHING THE PRINCE'S ELK ON BOARD THE "OSBORNE"



BULL ELK KILLED BY THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AT HUNNEBERG



CROSSING A MORASS BY A FOREST BRIDGE



A SNACK AND A CIGARETTE AT SJUENDA

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWEDEN

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





THE CAT HOAX AT DUBLIN



PROFESSOR G. CHRISTAL  
President of the Mathematical and Physical Science Section



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. T. WALKER, C.B.  
President of the Geographical Section



PROFESSOR J. W. JUDD  
President of the Geological Section



MR. BENJAMIN BAKER  
President of the Mechanical Science Section



PROFESSOR H. E. ARMSTRONG  
President of the Chemical Section



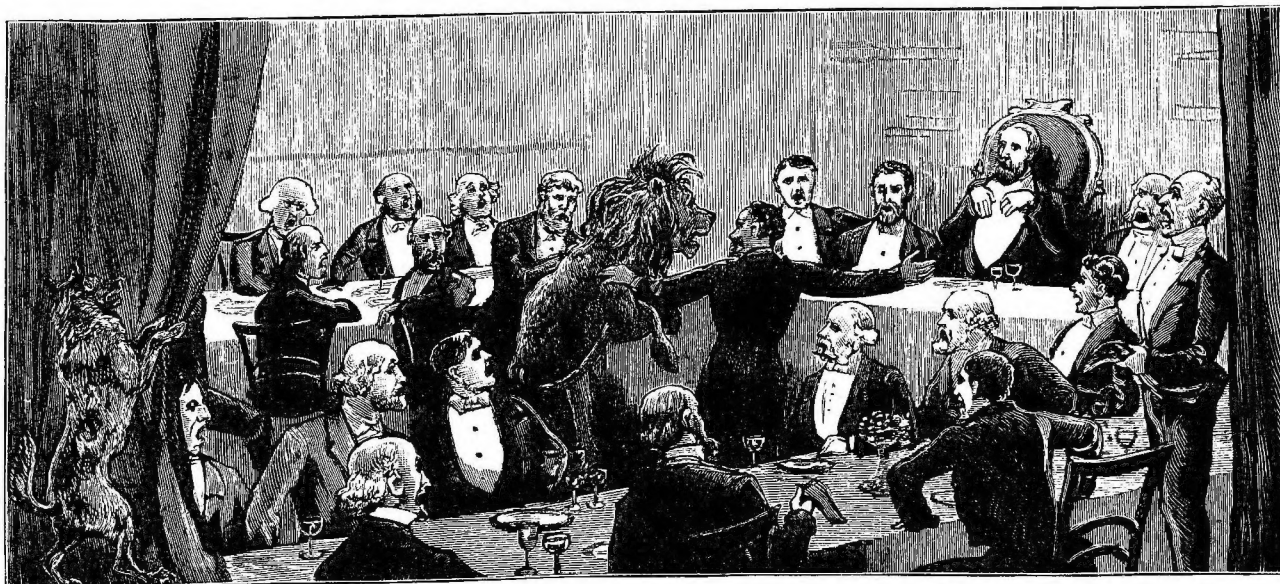
PROFESSOR W. C. MCINTOSH  
President of the Biological Section



MR. FRANCIS GALTON  
President of the Anthropological Section



THE MENU



DINNER OF THE RED LION CLUB OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, IMPERIAL HOTEL, ABERDEEN

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN



killed a very fine bull elk at Hunneberg on September 10th; I sketched him standing with his foot on it. The bull's fine pal-



After the Shooting at Skepta

mated horns, red after shedding the velvet, had ten points. In the background are the Grand Veneur and the Hofjägmeister, Herr af Petersen." The accompanying cut of a bear's leg represents a joint served at the Britannia Hotel, Thordjhem, to the Prince of Wales. This dainty is by no means uncommon at the table there. Indeed, it is the correct thing for tourists staying there to taste bear ham. The meat is palatable, but tough, and somewhat stringy; and, having once tasted it for the novelty of the thing, the tourist generally turns to better-known viands to satisfy his appetite.



Leg of Bear Served Before the Prince at Thordjhem

#### CAT HOAX IN DUBLIN

ON Monday, September 14th, the following advertisement appeared in a Dublin paper:—"Cats—Immediate. A gentleman returning to Auckland, commissioned to import a number of cats, offers 2s. for grown cats, and 1s. for kittens, to be brought in small baskets, which are to be allowed for, to booking office, Carlisle Pier, between 6.30 and 7 o'clock P.M. this day. Inquire for Mr. Weston." Between five and six o'clock on the evening in question about 150 persons congregated on the Carlisle Pier, Kingstown. There were women and girls and boys with hampers, creels, and hat-boxes, and in each there was a cat, or a brace of cats, or a whole litter. These persons waited for a long time, and presently anxious inquiries began to be made, for nothing could be seen or heard of the advertiser, so that at length the cat-dealers retired dismayed and disappointed. Like most practical jokes, it was of a cruel and heartless character, for number of persons were robbed of their pets by boys, who hoped to make a good thing of the theft.—Our engravings are from sketches by a Dublin lady.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN

ALTOGETHER the Association seems to have scored a decided success in the Granite City, although both the business of the mornings and the pleasure excursions of the afternoons were to some extent impeded by the inordinate number of papers—four hundred in all—which were read. Not a few of these papers, it is alleged, contained information of a perfectly familiar character, and their reading therefore was pure waste of time, and weariness to the audiences. It is recommended that for the future the Association should follow the example of the Iron and Steel Institute in its summer meetings, and have only a few papers of first-rate quality in each section in the morning, devoting the afternoons to excursions.

Instead of giving a formal biography of each of the gentlemen who presided over the various Sections at the meeting of the Association, it will be preferable to indicate the share which they respectively took in the various addresses.

Professors Chrystal and Armstrong, who respectively presided over the Mathematical and Chemical Sections, lamented, like Sir Lyon Playfair, the insignificant place which science still holds in education. "And no one," said Mr. Armstrong, "can be an efficient teacher of science unless he has been himself trained in the practice of research." Professor Chrystal lamented the appalling dryness of the old-fashioned method of teaching mathematics, and also deplored the centralisation of scientific activity in London, and the scant encouragement given to local science.

Professor Judd's address to the Geological Section was an able and judicious review of all that had been done for the geology of the Highlands by the great workers of the past.

Professor McIntosh, who presided over Biology, discussed the causes of the phosphorescence of the sea, and showed, as the result of his own personal observation, that this beautiful phenomenon is due to a multitude of minute organisms belonging to the most diverse orders.

Under the presidency of General J. T. Walker, late chief of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, the Geographical Section was largely Indian in character, as his own address gave an interesting history of that great undertaking, other aspects of which were treated in a variety of papers by other members of the Survey.

The portrait of Professor Sidgwick, who presided over Economics and Statistics, has failed to reach us in time for insertion. His address displayed genuine philosophical quality and sound scientific treatment.

Professor Benjamin Baker, the chief of the Mechanical Section, brought a severe indictment against our railway bridges and their builders. These works, unscientifically constructed in many cases at the outset, are necessarily growing weaker daily, and, unless care be taken to repair and strengthen them, a terrible disaster may some day occur.

Of all the Presidential addresses, perhaps the most popular was that of Professor Francis Galton, who was chief of the department of Anthropology. The address in question referred to the transmission of hereditary qualities, and was based on data collected from a variety of sources.

Men of learning can play the fool very heartily when they please, and at the Association meetings the severity of the intellectual strain is mitigated by the existence of an institution called the "Red Lion Clubbe." The members dined together at the Imperial Hotel on September 15th, and were so pleased with the treatment accorded by the landlord that he was admitted unanimously to the sacred circle. Like Freemasonry, the Club has its mysteries. It will suffice to mention here that the members profess to be lions and jackals, and to feed on British asses. Their motto is "De mortuis sum nisi bonum," which may be freely translated, "Unless I am a good fellow, I shall infallibly be eaten up." The rule is very strict that applause at the meeting must be signified by roaring, and by wagging the coat-tails in leonine fashion.—Our portraits are from photographs, as follows:—Professor Chrystal, by J. Moffat,

125, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Professor McIntosh, by Maull and Fox, 187a, Piccadilly, W.; Professor Armstrong, by Gandy, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.; Professor Judd, by Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.; Professor Galton, by Barraud and Jerrard, 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.; Professor Baker, by G. Jerrard, 107, Regent Street, W.; and General J. T. Walker, by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

#### THE WRECK OF THE "HANOVERIAN"

THE Allan Line steamer *Hanoverian* sailed from Baltimore on August 25th for Liverpool, calling at Halifax on her way on August 31st. She had 156 passengers on board, most of whom were in the steerage. After leaving St. Pierre Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, and when nearing Cape Race, she encountered thick fog, and owing to some error of steering was driven into Portugal Cove, seven miles to the east of Trepassy. In passing over some hidden rocks the *Hanoverian* ripped up her bottom nearly the whole of her length, and then stranded. The sea, fortunately, was comparatively calm, and all on board were saved and taken overland to Trepassy, whence they were embarked on board the war steamers *Tenedos* and *Hercules*, and conveyed to St. John's. The people of Trepassy appear to have acted with great kindness, but if we are to believe the statements of a local paper, the ship's crew, after the ship had stranded, behaved in a far from commendable manner, the orders issued for lowering the boats not being promptly obeyed; and, indeed, it is said that, but for some man-of-war sailors who were passengers, great difficulty would have been experienced in lowering the boats. These latter rendered the most valuable service in landing passengers, mails, luggage, provisions, and bedding. A considerable portion of the cargo of the *Hanoverian* was saved, thanks to the exertion of the officers and the able help of a large gang of fishermen.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. John W. Hayward, St. John's, Newfoundland.

#### THE RUINS OF ANI

THESE magnificent ruins are situated about thirty miles S.E. of the famous fortress of Kars. Ani was the capital of Greater Armenia, when that nationality attained its greatest extent and development under the dynasty of King Ashod I. (A.D. 859—1045), who claimed descent from King David of Judah. At the end of this period, through the intrigues of the Greek Emperors, Armenia was absorbed in the Byzantine Empire, but soon fell from its feeble grasp, and was successively occupied by Georgians, Tartars, and Ottoman Turks. The inhabitants suffered such miseries that some of them at last resorted to seek safety in emigration, and successively colonised the Crimea, Poland, Wallachia, and Hungary, carrying with them their commercial enterprise, agricultural skill, and civilised arts. These colonies are still extant. Many of the inhabitants of Ani, under one Rupen, fled to the mountains of Cilicia, where for three centuries they maintained their freedom. The close of the fourteenth century saw also the termination of Armenian supremacy and independence. As early as the sixth century Ani is mentioned as a strong natural fortress, but it was afterwards, by King Ashod and his successors, transformed into the capital city of Armenia.

With reference to our views of the Cathedral, James Ferguson, the architectural writer, says: "Ani was adorned by the Bagradite dynasty with a series of buildings which still strike the traveller with admiration, at least for the beauty of their details, for, like all churches in this part of the world, they are very small. Indeed, all the buildings in the Armenian provinces are so small that they would hardly deserve a place in a history of architecture were it not for the ingenuity of their plans and the elegance of their details. The antiquity also of the Cathedral enhances its interest, since it was founded so long ago as 980 A.D. One peculiarity will be noticed in this style of building, namely, the angular recess which marks the form of the apses outside without breaking the main lines of the building."

Another illustration shows the southern side of the city, with a view of the citadel. The western end of the northern walls shows the Gate of Kars, which was the principal entrance to the city. These walls are remarkable for the round and square towers which surmount them at intervals, and for the stones of various colours employed in their construction. St. Saviour's Church was built by Aboulgharib, the Armenian Governor of Ani, in 1035. It has twelve sides—four without, and eight semicircular large niches within. The ruins of the large gate of the palace of the great Bahlavouri princes are highly interesting on account of their beautiful Oriental engravings and mosaics. The entire city is very tastefully built of black, red, and green lava. These variegated materials enter largely into the construction of the churches, palaces, baths, and other buildings.

After the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, when Ani passed into the hands of Russia, the late Armenian Catholics, Gregorius IV., desired to restore the churches and other public buildings, and to repopulate the city with Armenians. The work was begun, but the Russian Government objected, and therefore the design had to be deferred to a more favourable opportunity.—Our engravings are from photographs by Ohannes Kurkdjian, of Erivan and Tiflis, and have been forwarded to us by Mr. G. Hagopian.

#### THE GERMAN FLEET AT PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS

PEOPLE who who are scarcely middle-aged can well remember when the intangibility and the invisibility of the German Fleet were a stock subject for the professional jokers in comic newspapers. Of late years matters are greatly altered, and now, to use the modern phrase, the German Navy is by no means *une quantité négligeable*.

Our engraving is from a photograph by Lieut.-Col. R. W. Stewart, R.E., and represents the rendezvous of a German squadron at Port Louis, Mauritius, preparatory to the demonstration intended to be made at Zanzibar to awe the Sultan into submission to German claims over certain inland districts, abutting on the Sultan's dominions. But as far as is known this demonstration did not take place. The substitution of Lord Salisbury for Mr. Gladstone may have been the cause of this alteration of policy.

The local newspapers spoke very highly of the good conduct of the German sailors during their stay on shore, their temperate habits and strict discipline contrasting favourably with the behaviour of some of our own Jack Tars.

The harbour of Port Louis is commodious, and very convenient for careening and repairing. Behind the port rises a range of mountains, one of which is the strangely shaped Pieter Botte.

The squadron comprised the following vessels; *Storch*, flagship (flying the flag of Commodore Paschen), Captain Von Nostiz, 2,856 tons; *Elisabeth*, Captain Schering, 2,508 tons; *Prinz Adalbert*, Captain Mensing, 3,925 tons; and *Gneisenau*, Captain Valois, 2,856 tons. The officers and crews of these vessels amounted to about 1,000 persons, and they are effectively armed with Krupp guns.

#### CLISSOLD PARK, STOKE NEWINGTON

ALL those who are interested in the preservation of breathing places for Londoners should visit the beautiful Clissold Park at Stoke Newington, generously thrown open to the public on Sunday afternoons and evenings by the owner, Mr. Crawshaw, of Newcastle-Tyne. The New River running through it forms a "horsehoe." Its deep, clear waters are filled with fish—jack and dace and chub, and the small fry of sticklebacks (angled for in fear and trembling

by the small boys on the Paradise Row side). Throughout its course the river is overhung by horse chestnuts and elms, forming the shadiest walks imaginable.

In the gardens behind the mansion grow and flourish magnificent planes and yews, one of which we have sketched.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," writes of her visit to Mr. Alexander's, "whose place is called Paradise," and where her "chamber looked out upon" this "beautiful park shaded by fine old trees."

The old-world street outside the park is filled with memories of Daniel Defoe; he went to school there, and had for a schoolfellow a boy named Crusoe. We grieve to say that the old house has been demolished to make room for a row of mean little cottages.

Mrs. Barbauld lived in one of the houses in the street, now a pawnbroker's. The houses mostly date from the days of "good Queen Anne," and have a grave and stately air; the carved doorways and exquisite wrought-iron gates are to be noted.

Then there is the quaint and quiet old church and churchyard almost completely hidden by the surrounding trees. The new church opposite is noted in North London for its fine music.

#### EGYPT—BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL AT ABBASIEH

HERE is a reminiscence of our recent military operations in Egypt. Doubtless a grateful one to many a trooper who has returned from the campaign, and who, struck down with an Arab bullet, or with one of those modern plagues of Egypt, dysentery or typhoid, has pleasing remembrances of the well-organised hospital and the tender care of the English nurses. Great attention to hospital accommodation and comforts has been a marked feature of the campaign, and although there have been, of course, some shortcomings, people should contrast the present organisation with that of half a century ago, and moreover should remember that even in the present age of sybaritism, the old adage of *à la guerre, comme à la guerre* still holds true.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. P. Sebah, Cairo.

#### "A VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF HEALTH"

See pp 353 *et seqq.*

#### BULGARIA AND EASTERN ROUMELIA

ON February 9th, 1878, the Plenipotentiaries of Russia and Turkey signed the Treaty of San Stefano, and carved a large autonomous State out of European Turkey, comprising upwards of 50,000 geographical square miles, extending from the Danube on the north to a most extensive seaboard on the south, and from Serbia and the confines of Albania on the west to the seaboard on the Black Sea ranging from Mangalia to Cape Kuri. This State was to be termed Bulgaria, but Turkey, released from the clutches of the Muscovite, protested against so large a surrender of her European territory, and particularly of the Balkan range, which left Constantinople without any geographical defence, so that when the Powers assembled at the Berlin Congress later in the year, this State was reduced by the Treaty of Berlin to a third of its original proportions, and confined between the Danube on the north and the Balkans on the south. Some 30,000 square miles of territory and a million and a half of subjects were thus restored to the Sultan, together with his wished-for Balkan range. Of this territory, however, a large parallelogram-shaped district, extending from the Balkans on the north to the River Arda and the neighbourhood of Adrianople to the south, and from the Black Sea on the east to Ichiman, Tatar Bazardjik, and the Despoti Dag on the west, was formed into a State called Eastern Roumelia, and endowed with "administrative autonomy," being ruled by a Christian Governor, not a Prince elected as in Bulgaria by the people, but appointed by the Sultan, who had, moreover, the power of garrisoning the frontiers and strongholds of the province with his troops, and to send an army to restore order should the Governor require it. Both Bulgarians and Eastern Roumelians were bitterly disappointed at this decision of the Congress—due mainly to the efforts of Lord Beaconsfield, but the Bulgarians, wisely thinking half a loaf to be better than no bread, elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg their ruler, while the Eastern Roumelians were presented with a Christian Governor in Aleko Pasha. For seven years both States have led a comparatively quiet existence, though neither people have ever lost sight of their future dream of union, for which the most active intrigues have been carried on, with the result—chronicled at length in our "Foreign" column—of a bloodless revolution being eventually effected in Eastern Roumelia, and of Prince Alexander being acclaimed Sovereign of a United Bulgaria, as originally formulated by the San Stefano Treaty. Though, as we have said, the Porte had the right of fortifying the Balkan Passes, it has never done so, presumably on account of lack of funds. Consequently there are no troops worth mentioning in that important district, though there is a strong force at Adrianople and at Constantinople, and this, if the Turks decide on military intervention, can be strongly reinforced from Asia Minor. The United Bulgarian and Eastern Roumelian forces amount to a comparatively small number, and would be easily scattered by the Turkish troops, unless as would certainly be the case they were materially assisted by the other countries of the Peninsula.

#### "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 357.



MR. GLADSTONE'S LONG-EXPECTED MANIFESTO was issued on Friday last week as an address to the Middlesex electors. After reviewing the legislative enactments of the late Government, he sums up the results of their administration. Afghanistan is united and independent, and the Indian Press is once more free, owing to Lord Ripon's labours. The Transvaal is free, and South Africa tranquil. Egypt has received valuable improvements in law and Government, while, though the late Government were responsible for "serious errors" in the Sudan, they were in the first place due to circumstances over which they had no control. The great expenditure in warlike precautions might prevent wars which would cost tenfold the amount. With regard to the future Mr. Gladstone is very guarded, but he wishes to retire from Egypt, to expedite public business by a reform of Parliamentary procedure, by placing Local Government "under effective popular control" to equalise the balance of taxation on real and personal property and settle the liquor question, and to reform the law with regard to the registration, transfer, and taxation of land. He is opposed to the abolition, but not to the reconstitution, of the House of Lords, he believes that Disestablishment has not yet become a practical question, and reserves his decision with regard to free education. With regard to Ireland, though the condition of the people has been greatly amended, there is still room for improvement in the direction of local self-government; but the unity of the Empire must be preserved, and Ireland must not always let her former wrongs prevent her submission to reason and justice. Mr. Gladstone avoids



criticism on the present Government while in office, but severely criticises their conduct while in Opposition, with which he contrasts the attitude of the Liberals during the past three months.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN speaking at Inverness, and Mr. Goschen at St. Leonard's, certainly agreed in one point—approval in their chief's manifesto—but that was about all. Mr. Chamberlain spoke of popular Local Government as a means of securing the restitution of land to the public use, and was all in favour of free education; while Mr. Goschen did not approve of local authorities purchasing land for allotment, and feared that free education would weaken the sense of family duty.

AT ABERDEEN on Tuesday Lord Iddesleigh severely criticised Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, and held up to ridicule the divisions in the Liberal party. He said that many people voted for the Liberals "because they are the party that gives," but that the Conservatives, though they did not promise so much, kept their promises better.

IRELAND.—Several disturbances have taken place during the past week. On Sunday a raid for arms was made at Carlisle Fort, near the entrance of Cork Harbour. Four carbines and two swords were removed from a hut in which they had been placed, and, as the thieves would have had to pass close to several sentries, it is believed that they must have had an accomplice inside the fort.—Boycotting has reached a terrible pitch. A widow lady who had lent her horse and vehicle to a magistrate was unable to obtain food of any kind, except from the police, until she signed an undertaking not to supply the police or magistrates again. Several similar cases have occurred at Limerick, and it is said that the Master of the County Hunt has subscribed 100*l.* to the funds of the National League, in order that their sport might be undisturbed.—On Sunday morning in Tipperary a man was shot dead for calling another an informer. A bailiff engaged in process-serving was severely beaten at Carraroe, County Galway; while in Kerry a party of armed men broke into a farm, and compelled the owner's daughter, after cutting off her hair, to swear to have no dealings with the police. A labourer, named Thomas Keane, was severely beaten and shot in the leg by a party of "Moonlighters," because he was believed to have furnished information to the Sheriffs.—There is some talk in Dublin of sending a deputation of Irish landlords to draw Lord Salisbury's attention to the gravity of the agrarian situation.—A meeting was held by the Irishmen of Finsbury on Monday last, when it was resolved that no decision should be made with regard to the Irish vote in that borough until the Irish leaders had been consulted.—The run on the Bank of Ireland has ceased.

THE NATIONAL SANITARY CONGRESS began its proceedings at Leicester on Tuesday, under the presidency of Professor de Chaumont, who delivered his inaugural address in the evening. Referring to the progress of sanitary science, he instanced the increased healthiness of the British soldier. Thirty years ago the death-rate in the army at home was 18 per 1,000, while the return of 1883 showed that it had diminished to 6 per 1,000. In India and the West Indies the decrease was still more marked. With regard to the duration of life, he said that the average of the metropolis was about 41, including such extremes as St. George's-in-the-East, in which overcrowded parish it was only 28, and Hampstead, where it was 56. In conclusion, the President referred to vaccination, calling it one of the greatest boons ever conferred on humanity. On Wednesday a discussion took place as to the relative merits of isolation as opposed to vaccination for the prevention of small-pox, in which the Leicester speakers strongly upheld the former.

A DISASTROUS COLLISION took place in the Downs on Friday last week between the General Steam Navigation's steamer *Dolphin*, from London to Havre, and the steamer *Brenda*, of West Hartlepool, from Bussorah. The *Dolphin* sank almost immediately, and fourteen passengers and three seamen, who had been unable to get into the boats, were drowned. The *Brenda*, which offered no assistance, arrived with some difficulty at Dover. The captain of the *Dolphin* and a few others were saved by clinging to the rigging after the vessel had sunk. At the inquest on Wednesday the jury expressed great regret at the conduct of the *Brenda*, and their admiration of the behaviour of the boatmen, who rescued the survivors.—A collision occurred on Saturday between the Cunard steamer *Aurania* and the Inman steamer *Republic* as they were leaving New York Harbour. The *Republic* was much damaged, and had to put back, but the *Aurania* proceeded on her course.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT occurred at the Oakwell Colliery, Ilkerton, on Thursday last week. The cages were wound up too rapidly, and, dashing against the roof of the engine-house, destroyed it, and prevented access to the pit, in which 300 men were working. However, by using the furnace shaft and improvising a lift the whole number were brought to bank without injury by midnight.

THE REGISTRATION COURTS have been hard at work in settling claims. Two ladies applied to be put on the register for Paddington, but of course in the present state of the law their claims were not admitted. Officers, but not soldiers, in barracks are to have the franchise. Decisions in the cases of the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge and the 900 owners of the Stock Exchange premises have been reserved.

THE COSTERMONGERS in the Hampstead Road having received notice from the St. Pancras Vestry on Saturday last that they must not trade there in future, held a meeting, and decided to defy the Vestry and test the question, if necessary, in a court of law. Summonses have been applied for against the stall-holders, who have started a defence fund.

THE ELSWICK STRIKE has ended, all the skilled workmen employed at Messrs. Armstrong and Mitchell's having returned to work. Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., on behalf of the men, and Mr. Holl on behalf of the masters are engaged in investigating the charges against Messrs. Brown and McDonnell.

A YOUNG MALE GORILLA at Liverpool and a banded suricate at Regent's Park are the most recent zoological novelties in England. The "banded suricate" is a species of weasel, and a deadly foe to rats and all kinds of "vermin." The gorilla, it should be stated, died at Liverpool on Monday, and its remains have been sent to the Zoological Gardens. The animal was a female, about three years old, and very dark and hairy.

THE WEEK'S OBITUARY.—Dr. George Elwes Corrie, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Rector of Newton, near Fly, died on Sunday last, aged ninety-two. He was a strong Conservative, and for many years was the leader of that party in the University, besides taking great interest in the prosperity of his own college. Lord Teignmouth died on Friday last, aged ninety. He went through the Waterloo Campaign as a civilian. His father, the first lord, of whom he wrote a biography, was Governor-General of India. His lordship was M.P. for Marylebone from 1838-1841, and took a great interest in philanthropic works. Mr. Montagu Chambers, Q.C., died last week in his eighty-sixth year. He was grandson of Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. He entered the army in 1815, but on peace being declared, entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, whence he was called to the Bar in 1828, "taking silk" in 1845. Mr. Chambers sat in Parliament as a Liberal for nearly twenty years. The death is also recorded of Sir James Hudson, G.C.B., H.M. late Minister at Turin; and of John Campbell Shairp, one of the principals of St. Andrew's University, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and author of several works, including "Kilmahoe: a Highland Poem."



THE TURF.—The Doncaster week continued to show excellent sport to its close, and though the St. Leger had but little interest in it compared with most previous anniversaries, the meeting was one of the most successful of late years. The Cup contest on the Thursday was very tame, there being only four starters, including Louis d'Or, last year's winner. King Monmouth was naturally made first favourite, with odds on him, but the North-country Hambleton, not long ago looked on as a mere plater, but now a very improved three-year-old, took the lead and kept it to the end, beating King Monmouth in a canter by six lengths, amid the patriotic plaudits of the "Tykes." St. Helena was beaten for the Doncaster Stakes, running shiftilly, and going back from her recently improved form. Altogether the Friday was a disastrous day for backers of favourites, and may almost be classed with many "black Fridays" which have often of late years distinguished the closing of first-class meetings. At Doncaster The Bard ran his last race for the season, winning the Tattersall Sale Stakes, which scored his sixteenth success "off the reel." The value of the stakes he has won amount to 9,188*l.* In the history of the Turf no two-year-old has ever had such a career. It remains to be seen what figure he will cut in next year's Derby, but at present the market makes Minting, the winner of the Champagne Stakes, first favourite at the very short price of 4 to 1, while eights or more can be had against The Bard. The yearling sales were, as usual, a great feature of the Doncaster week, and all previous records of prices were eclipsed by the unprecedented figures of 3,600 and 3,100 guineas being realised for a couple of yearlings by Hermit and Hampton, of which the higher sum has only been equalled twice previously, when Queen Adelaide was sold for the same money at Newmarket, and 4,100 guineas were paid for Maximilian among Mr. Combe's lot at Cobham. The 3,600 guineas colt was bought by "Mr. Manton." The Marden Deer Park Sale took place on Tuesday last, when Mr. Hume Webster's stud of all ages and sexes was submitted to auction. Almost all the brood mares were sold, realising the sum of 13,060 guineas; and seventeen foals fetched 5,444 guineas—an average in round numbers of 320 guineas each. The grand aggregate of the sale amounted to 18,505 guineas. The reserve price placed upon the sire George Frederick was 4,500 guineas, and upon Beaudesert 2,500 guineas, neither of which was reached.—The racing at Lichfield, Ayr, and Manchester during the last few days was up to the average, but calls for no special notice, the week being considered more or less an off week, coming as it does between the Doncaster gathering and the opening of the Autumn campaign next week at Newmarket. The two big Autumn handicaps create plenty of interest, and the handicappers have done their work well. As the winner of the St. Leger is not in the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire there is no raising of the weights, which his presence would have required.

CRICKET.—The active season of this game is now over, and cricketers are busy in discussing the principle on which the results of the inter-county play should be estimated, and in making up and scanning over the batting and bowling averages in first-class matches. Among amateur batsmen, P. M. Lucas, who has suddenly sprung to the front rank, heads the list with an average of 69 (leaving out decimals) in ten innings; E. J. C. Studd with 49 in five innings; W. G. Grace and W. W. Read coming next with 44 and 43 respectively—but it must be remembered that the former played forty-one and the latter thirty-eight innings, which certainly makes their average morally better than those of the two first-named. A. G. Steel is the premier amateur bowler with an average of thirteen per wicket, W. E. Roller coming next with only a decimal to his disadvantage; and then follow A. H. J. Cochrane with fifteen, C. W. Rock with sixteen, and W. G. Grace with eighteen—but again it must be borne in mind that the great "W. G." bowled as many as 1,305 overs, while A. G. Steel only bowled 180, and the others named only between 320 and 573. Thus W. G. Grace still stands out as the champion "all round" amateur cricketer. Among professionals Shrewsbury heads the batting list with an average of 56 runs obtained in twenty-four innings, and Gunn next with 36 in forty-two innings; while Briggs heads the bowlers with an average of 13, followed by A. Hearne, Attewell, and Flowers with 14 each; the veteran A. Shaw being next with 15. The Notts men thus come out first-class.—The *Melbourne Argus* says: "The Melbourne Cricket Club propose to send home to England next season a fifth Australian eleven, but no member of the last team will be included in it. The team will probably be chosen from Horan, Bruce, Trumble, Worrall, M'Shane, and Walters, of Victoria; Jones, Massie, and Mar, of New South Wales; Jarvis and W. Giffen, of South Australia; and V. Harris, of Tasmania."

FOOTBALL.—The season promises to be a busy one, especially among Associationists, and Inter-County contests will also probably show an advance.—Under Association Rules the Glasgow Rangers have beaten Arthurlie by four goals to one; Queen's Park have inflicted a hollow defeat on the amateur eleven of the Blackburn Rovers by seven goals to one; but the latter have the consolation of having beaten the Blackburn Olympic by three goals to one.—Under Rugby Rules Batley, the holders of the Yorkshire Cup, have beaten West Lancashire by one goal and four tries to one goal; and Leeds St. John's, Wakefield Trinity, by one goal to two tries.

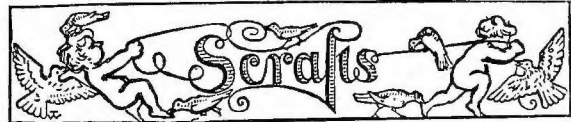
YACHTING.—The victories of the *Genesta* in the races for the Commodore's Cup and the Brenton's Reef Cup afford some consolation for her defeat by the *Puritan*. The latter vessel has been sold for 2,700*l.*

AQUATICS.—The Three Miles Sculling Match at Sheephead Bay between Hanlan, Ross, and Lee, resulted in an easy victory for Hanlan by a length and a-half from Lee, who during the journey collided several times with Ross.—Hanlan and Teemer have made a match to row three miles, with a turn, for 200*l.* a side, to come off on the 24th of next month.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Lovers of this sport will not be sorry that arrangements could not be made at the Agricultural Hall for the Four Mile Race between Cummings and George, which will take place on Monday next, at Lillie Bridge, when it is to be hoped that better arrangements will be made than when they ran their one mile there. Both men are said to be in good fettle, and to satisfy their friends.

BICYCLING.—Mr. Thomas Stevens, who left this country in May last, after working across the Continent to Constantinople, where he stayed six weeks, is now at Tabreez, in North Persia. He intends to proceed to India via Teheran and Herat.

ANGLING.—The autumn trout fishing is well nigh over, and the grayling have begun to show good sport. The clergy, following Apostolic example, form no inconsiderable contingent of the gentle army of anglers. We were not aware, however, that the hard-working and estimable Bishop of Bedford was one of the fraternity till we read, a few days ago, that on Sir Henry Allsopp's water above Dovedale his lordship had 11 brace of trout. The Rev. Dr. Ross, his companion, basketed 7½ brace.



WINTER IS ALREADY SHOWING ITSELF IN THE ALPS, and snow has fallen on the heights of Grenoble.

HAD NOT THE "PURITAN" BEATEN THE "GENESTA," General Benjamin F. Butler intended to have maintained the honour of his country and to have challenged the British vessel to race his yacht *America*, the identical vessel which won the cup from England in 1851. Since that time she has been practically rebuilt, and General Butler regards her as a very fast sailer.

A HISTORICAL BELL is used at the Théâtre Français in *Don Juan d'Autriche*, no other than one which in 1572 gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew from the tower of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. That Church possessed three, but during the Revolution they were taken down and sold, being purchased by an iron-founder, named Flambon. He subsequently sold the smallest to the comedians of the Théâtre Français for the first representation of *Edouard en Écosse*, by Alexander Dumas, in 1801.

THERE IS NO END TO TRANSATLANTIC ENTERPRISE. The latest example is that of a "lady" book-agent, who, having exhausted her beat above ground, has been spending ten hours a day for several days in the tunnels and chambers of the coal mines, hundreds of feet below the surface, canvassing the miners for the sale of her book. She goes from chamber to chamber, and interviews the men in the midst of all darkness, damp, and even attendant danger of their underground work. Her pluck and daring command admiration, and few refuse to buy, though many of her customers cannot read a line.

THE HAIR OF THE KING OF ITALY is said to be turning very white, and, according to the Paris *Figaro*, this has greatly troubled Queen Marguerite. She is reported to have procured a case of various dyes from Paris, and to have presented them to her Royal spouse, begging him to try them. The next day, what was her surprise at finding that her favourite white spaniel had changed to an apple-green! The King explained to her that before using the present she had given him he was anxious to learn its effect, and so had tried one dye on the dog, and that next he intended to experiment on her parrot. "It is needless to add," remarks the journal, "that the Queen immediately carried off the box of dyes."

A PARSEE THEATRICAL TROUPE is to be the next dramatic novelty in London, and the *Times of India* tells us that the company will comprise some twenty-five actors and several actresses, and that the *répertoire* has been arranged to suit English tastes as far as possible. The pieces selected for representation are those which illustrate modern native manners and customs, and selections will be made from the classic Indian dramas, which, however, it is thought may be too dull for the spectators' point of view to command approval in England. The company will open at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, about November, and the duration of their stay will largely depend upon the measure of support they receive.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,231 deaths were registered, against 1,221 during the previous seven days, a rise of 10, being 157 below the average, and at the rate of 157 per 1,000. There were 6 from small-pox (an increase of 3), 14 from measles (a decline of 11), 20 from scarlet fever (an increase of 5), 25 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 25 from whooping-cough (a fall of 14), 9 from enteric fever (a decline of 3), 40 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 22), and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 152, a decline of 23, and were 31 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, 39 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eight cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,542 births registered, against 2,330 the previous week, being 99 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57.7 deg., and 0.4 deg. below the average. Rain fell on four days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0.86 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine during the week was 15.4 hours, against 17.0 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

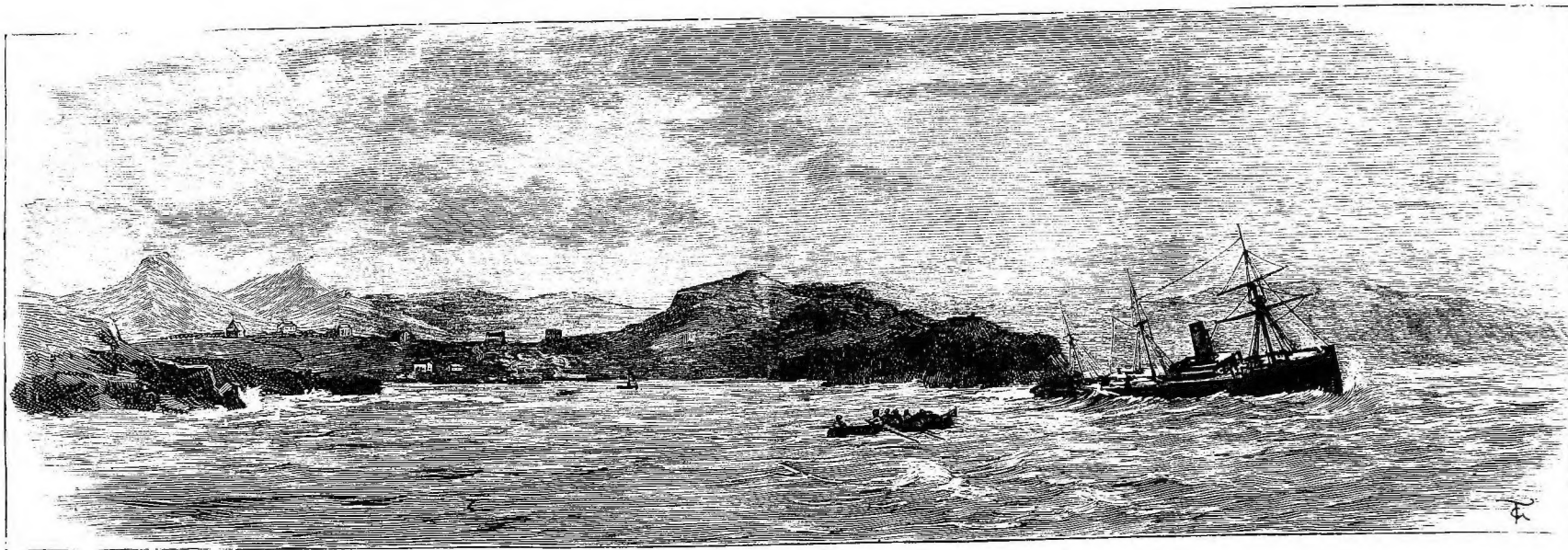
THE PRINCE OF WALES WHILE IN NORWAY attended Divine Service at the Anglican Church, Christiania. Until June, 1883, the English service was celebrated in the Norwegian Mission House, but in the July of that year the present building was completed and dedicated for worship, its formal consecration being deferred until the next Episcopal visitation, in the hope that, by that time, the debt still remaining on the building might be liquidated. To this end it would be a graceful act on the part of the many tourists who have enjoyed Norwegian life and scenery during the past few years to contribute their mite. The Church receives no pecuniary assistance from the State, or from any Society at home, so that the question of its continued maintenance on an efficient and appropriate footing is a matter of deep concern to the Committee, there being a very small increase of income over expenditure, as may be gathered from the fact that the number of resident subscribers is barely fifty, and the contributions of non-residents being naturally of an essentially precarious character. Apart from the usual Sunday services the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Heaton, officiates on Wednesday evenings for the benefit mainly of seafaring men and others. This in winter naturally entails extra expense in warming and lighting. An earnest appeal is therefore made to both Americans and Englishmen who have visited Norway, for donations to pay off the debt and secure a fair income for working expenses. Contributions may be sent to the Chaplain, or to the British Vice-Consul, Mr. W. R. Hearn, Christiania.

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS have not forgotten the little tea-chest incident which occurred a century ago at Boston. Twenty years ago "The Boston Tea Party" and "Revolutionary Tea" were favourite ditties, and now in a recently-published school song book we find a reproduction of the latter.

#### REVOLUTIONARY TEA

There was an old lady lived over the sea, And she was an Island Queen, Her daughter liv'd off in a new countree With an ocean of water between.	And so the old lady her servant called up And packed off a budget of tea, And, eager for threepence a pound she put in Enough for a large familiee;
The old lady's pockets were full of gold, But never contented was she, So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax Of threepence a pound on her tea.	She ordered her servants to bring home the tax, Declaring her child should obey, Or, old as she was, and almost woman grown, She'd half whip her life away.
"Now, mother, dear mother," the daughter replied, "I shan't do the thing you ax. I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea, But never the threepenny tax."	The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door, All down by the ocean's side, And the bouncing girl poured out every pound In the dark and boiling tide;
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage, "For you're my own daughter you see, And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea."	And then she called out to the Island Queen, 'Oh, mother, dear mother,' quoth she, 'Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough, But never a tax from me.'

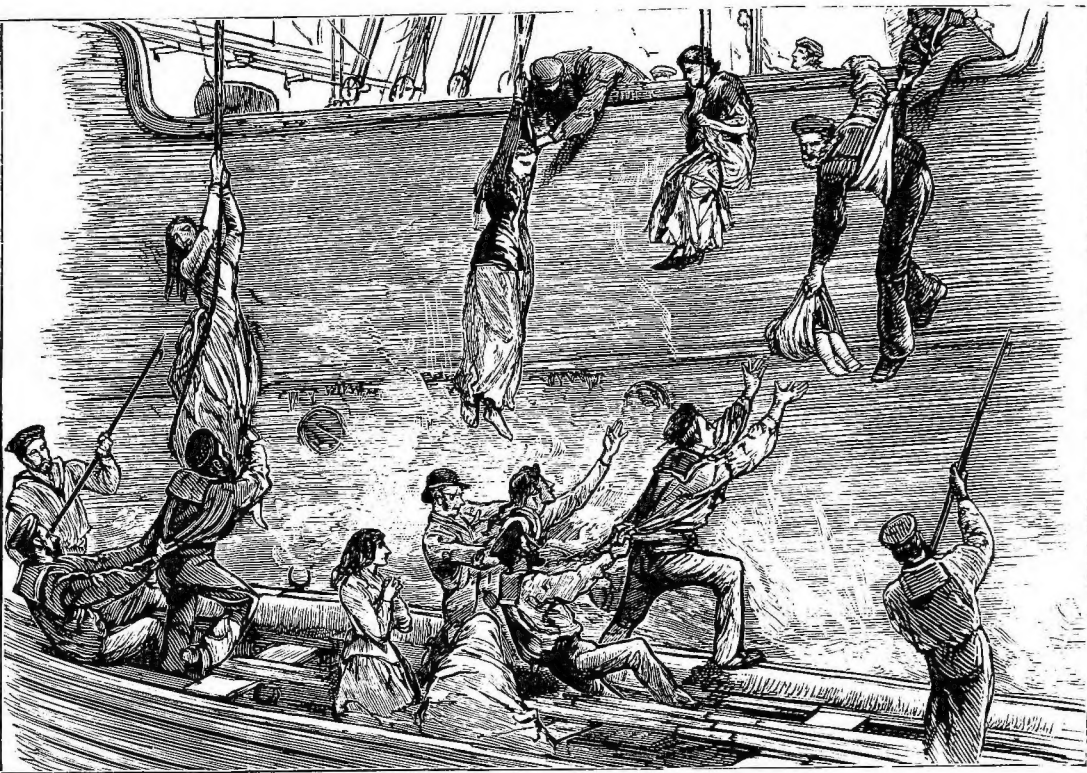




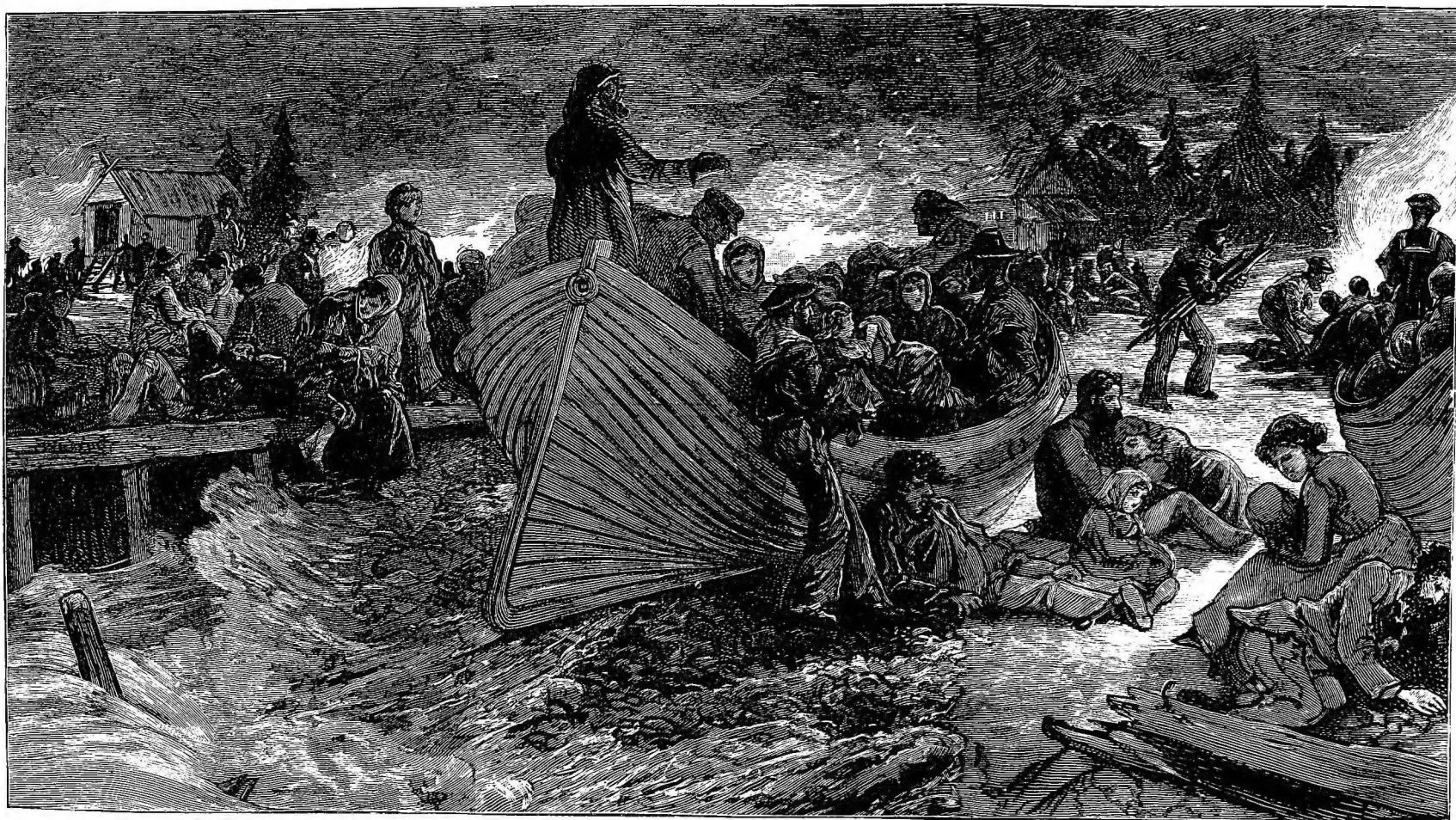
PORTUGAL COVE AND THE WRECKED VESSEL.



PROFESSOR BELL TRYING TO PACIFY THE PASSENGERS



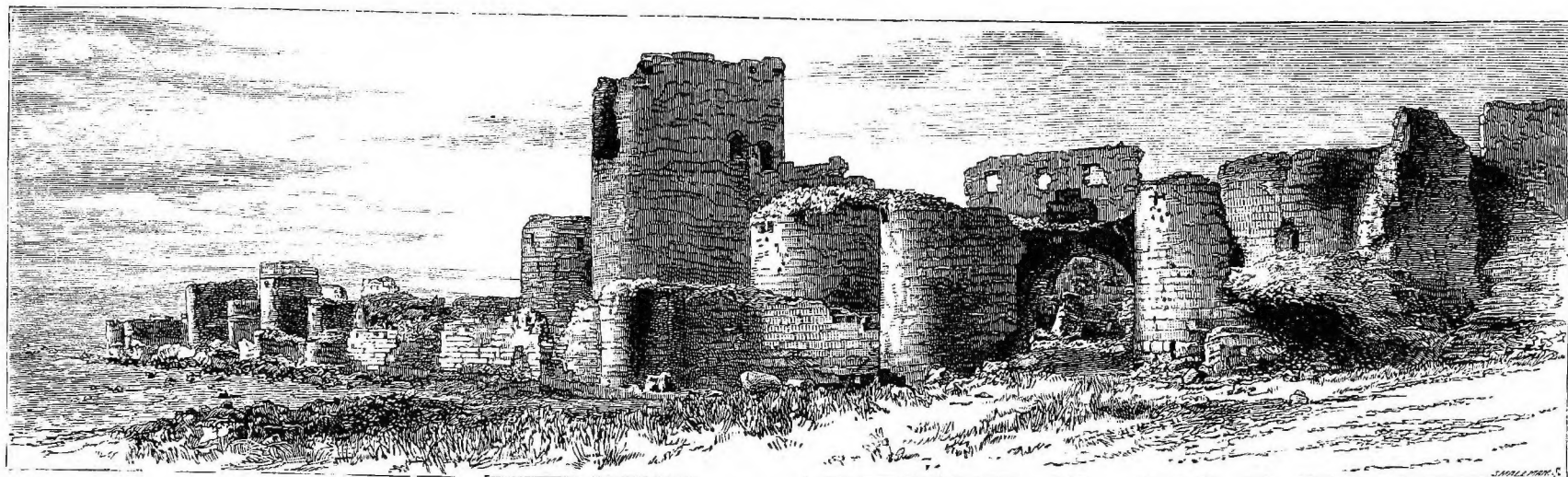
BLUE-JACKETS SAVING WOMEN AND CHILDREN



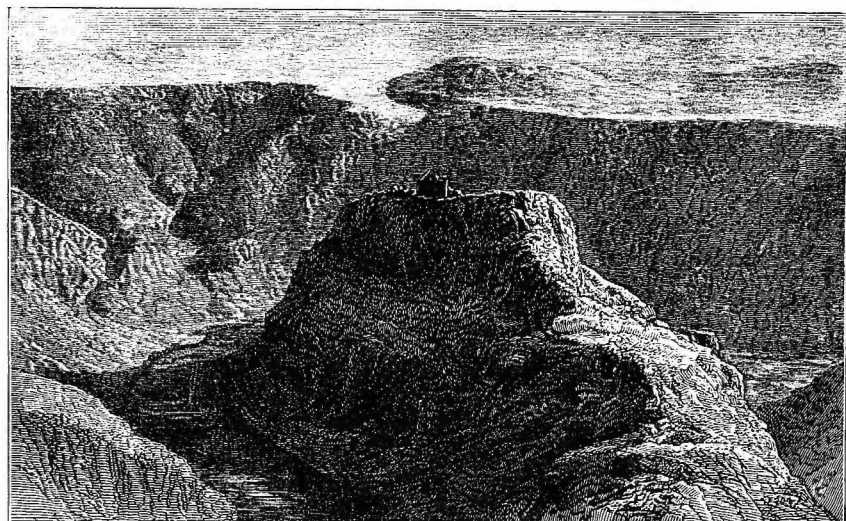
PASSENGERS ENCAMPED ON SHORE AT MIDNIGHT

THE WRECK OF THE "HANOVERIAN" AT PORTUGAL COVE, TREPASSEY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND

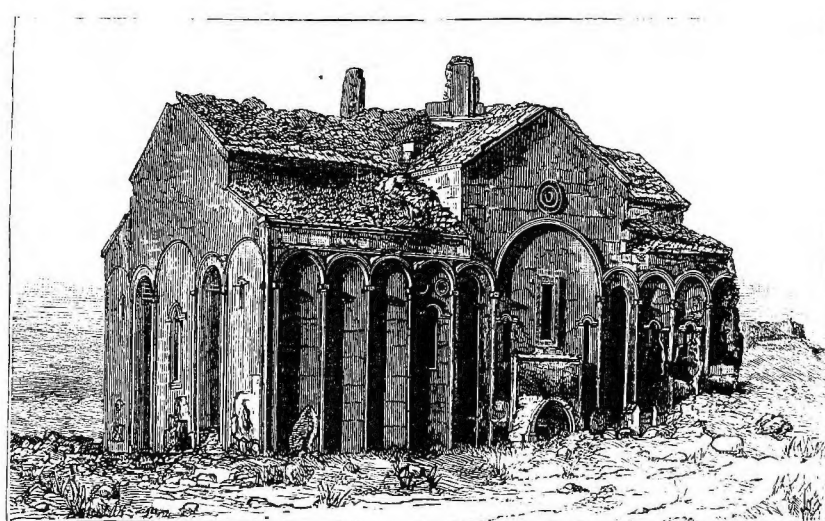




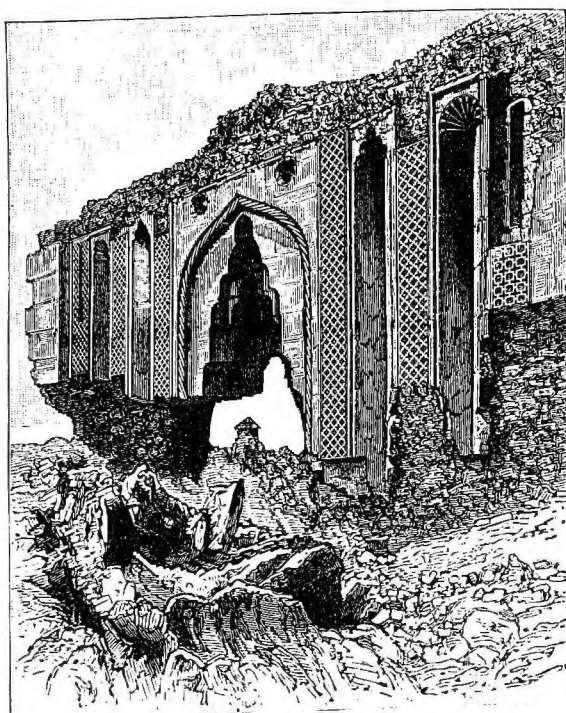
THE DOUBLE WALLS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY



ANCIENT CITADEL OF ANI IN THE PLAIN OF THE AKHOURIAN RIVER



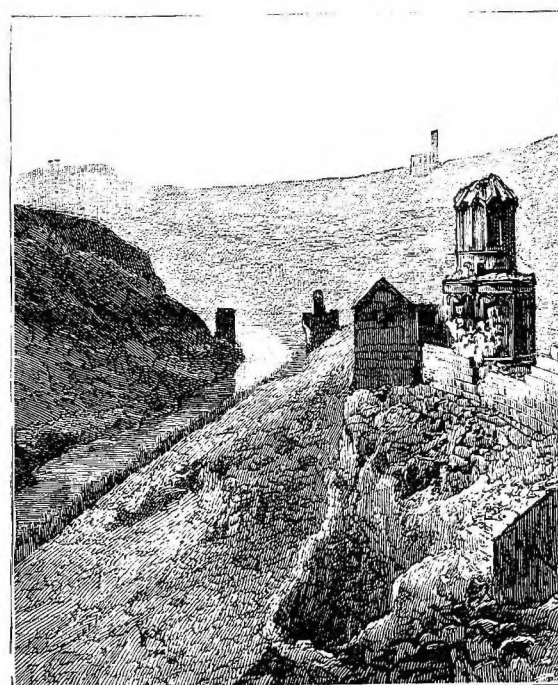
THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ANI



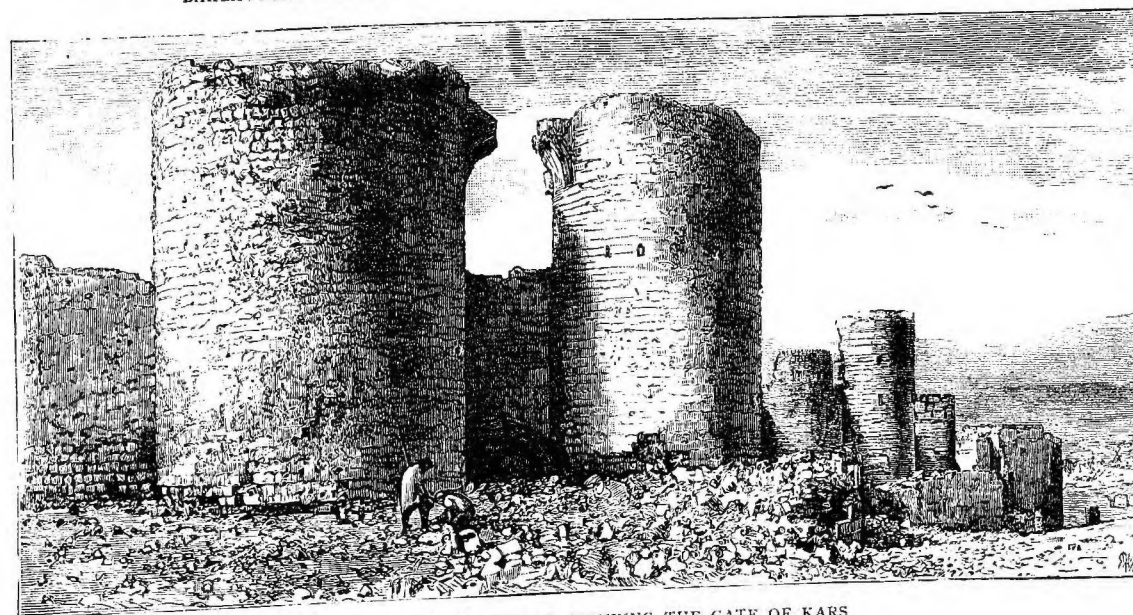
THE GREAT GATE OF THE PALACE OF THE  
BAHLAVJUNI PRINCES



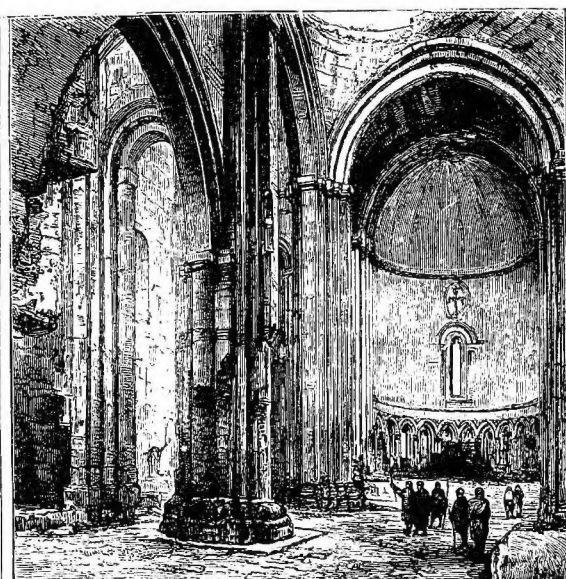
ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH OF ABOULGHARIB



SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE CITY ON THE AKHOURIAN RIVER



THE NORTHERN WALLS, SHOWING THE GATE OF KARS



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH, LOOKING  
TOWARDS THE PRINCIPAL ALTAR





A REVOLUTION in EASTERN ROUMELIA has taken Europe by surprise, and threatens once more to re-open the whole "Eastern Question." Ever since the Berlin Congress created Eastern Roumelia there has been a strong agitation in that State for union with Bulgaria, and on Friday last week this culminated in a *coup d'état* on the part of the Revolutionary Committee under the leadership of M. Stansky, the chief of the Pan-Bulgarian agitators. The Committee organised a sudden but unanimous rising of the Bulgarians, took possession of the Government offices at Philippopolis, placed the Governor-General, Gavril Pasha, and the military commander-in-chief, Borthwick Pasha, under arrest, issued a manifesto proclaiming Prince Alexander of Bulgaria Sovereign of Eastern Roumelia and Prince of United Bulgaria; and despatched a telegram to the Prince, inviting him to come at once to Philippopolis. Precautionary measures were adopted to prevent any immediate military action being taken by the Turkish authorities, the telegraph to Adrianople was cut, the railway communication destroyed at several points, and militia battalions posted along the frontier. Prince Alexander, who was at Varna, lost no time in accepting the charge laid upon him, and that evening issued a proclamation recognising the union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and assuming the title of "Prince of the Two Bulgarias, North and South." He further mobilised the Bulgarian army, appointed M. Stansky the chief of the Provisional Government, and summoned the National Assembly to meet at Sofia on Thursday. The news of the revolt was received with the utmost rejoicing in Bulgaria, and the Prince in his journey to Timova was hailed with great enthusiasm. On Tuesday the Prince arrived at Philippopolis with his Prime Minister Karaveloff, and was welcomed with a tremendous ovation. He at once gave audience to the Provincial Committee, who resigned their powers into his hands, and then with great prudence and forethought immediately set to work to minimise as far as outward appearance went the effect of the revolution. Thus the Turkish ensign was hoisted together with the Bulgarian flag; the emblems of Turkish sovereignty which the populace in their enthusiasm had removed from the public buildings—the only act of violence perpetrated—were restored; while the Prince sent a message to the Sultan proffering his homage, and protesting that by taking Gavril Pasha's place he had no idea of entering into insurrection against Turkish suzerainty. In a Circular to the foreign Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin, also, Prince Alexander disclaims any hostility towards the Sultan; declares that he had only responded to the appeal of the Eastern Roumelians in order to maintain peace and promises to do his best to circumscribe the movement. He inspected the troops leaving for the frontier, and in an address said, "We have no quarrel with the Turks, but if the Turks dispute our action we will fight them to the death."

The news of the revolt and of Prince Alexander's ready acceptance of the responsibility of Government has apparently taken the Powers by surprise, and it must be said that all the signatories of the Berlin Treaty have unhesitatingly expressed their disapproval of the insurrection, both as an infringement of the stipulations of that document, and of the rights and privileges assured to the Porte. In Germany the Prince's action has been strongly condemned, and the *North German Gazette* pronounces the Bulgarian Union to be a "purely airy structure, wholly lacking any foundation in international law, for which the proclamation of Prince Alexander can scarcely be regarded as a substitute." In Austria semi-official journals are very emphatic in blaming the Prince, and the *Fremdenblatt* not only declares the revolution unexpected after the recent intimations to the Prince that Austria-Hungary desired the treaties regulating the situation of the Balkans should be respected, but denounces the Prince for having committed the grossest violation of international law. "Europe," it continues, "cannot permit these infringements of the Treaty of Berlin." In Russia also the official journals are scarcely less condemnatory in their language, and are most persistent in their assertions that for once Russia has had no hand in this new attack upon Ottoman Sovereignty. Moreover, on the Bulgarian army being mobilised all Russian officers resigned their commissions. Outside official circles, however, there is great rejoicing, the Slavists are triumphant, addresses of congratulation have been sent off to the Bulgarians, and detachments of volunteers will start for Bulgaria, in the event of war breaking out. What tinges the official utterances with a genuine tone of bitterness is the intense dislike with which Prince Alexander is personally regarded by Russian officialdom for his independence and staunch refusal to submit to Russian tutelage. Thus, while admitting that a united Bulgaria is unquestionably desirable, it is declared that the Prince ought to be punished for thus flying in the face of Europe. Whether the Prince has really done this remains to be proved. Official utterances—to paraphrase Talleyrand's well-known saying—are utilised to conceal official thoughts, and it is somewhat difficult to credit that Prince Alexander, with no resources at his command, would dare to tear up one of the important treaties of modern times, and brave unaided the wrath of united Europe.

Be this as it may, the Roumelian revolution has roused afresh the aspirations of the earth-hungering kinglings by whom Turkey is surrounded. The Sovereigns of Greece and of Serbia have had an interview at Vienna, and it is said, will oppose any Slavist movement in Macedonia, which they are determined shall not be annexed to Bulgaria. The King of Serbia has been the first to take definite action. On the King's arrival at Belgrade he was welcomed by an enthusiastic throng, and shouts of "Forward, Old Servians!" were raised. A Cabinet Council was at once held, and the King determined to mobilise the army, the first levy to consist of 60,000 men. Greece is expected to follow suit.

TURKEY herself—the Power most interested—has as yet made no definitive sign of resisting the revolution by military force. Ministers have been holding continual Cabinet Councils, and the Sultan has been busily asking counsel of the foreign ambassadors, who, however, pleading lack of instructions, decline to give any. The Porte ultimately issued a circular to the Powers, protesting against Prince Alexander's action and the violation of the Berlin Treaty, and declaring its intention of effectually exercising the rights conferred upon the Sultan by that Treaty. By this the Sultan is justified in sending troops to Eastern Roumelia should the security of the province be menaced either from without or within. It is generally thought, however, that the Powers will induce the Porte to enter into some more amicable arrangement with Prince Alexander.

FRANCE is wholly absorbed in her electioneering campaign, which is being conducted with unusual physical violence—electoral meetings being transformed into regular battle-fields. One of the most disorderly gatherings took place in the Paris Bourse on Sunday. A workmen's Socialist meeting had been convened there by M. M. Joffrin and Allemane, but the election of a chairman aroused a brisk diversity of opinion. The Anarchist section ultimately charged the platform, and tearing it up, hurled the pieces into the crowd. Revolver shots were then fired, and one man was wounded. In all, sixteen persons were injured, some so seriously as to necessitate

their treatment in hospital. On the same day a serious encounter took place between some Anarchists and the police at the funeral of a well-known ex-Communist, named Arnaud. As might be expected, the Royalists are watching the turn of events very closely, and are ready to take advantage of any division in the Republican party. Moderate journals, such as the *Temps*, warmly express their regret at the prevailing rowdiness, which it is to be feared will go far to disgust the respectable classes of France with the Republic. Meanwhile, the anniversary of the Proclamation of the Republic of 1792 was enthusiastically celebrated on Monday night by a banquet, at which M. Floquet, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, presided. In his speech he warmly denounced the monarchical pretenders, "whose discord," he alleged, "would only consolidate the Republic." He proclaimed himself an advocate of "pacific Socialism," and found great fault with M. Jules Ferry, whose errors of statesmanship, he declared, were responsible for exterior complications. Meanwhile one of these "exterior complications"—the Tonkin question—seems in a fair way of settlement. The new King of Annam has been crowned in the name of Douck Hanh (*anglicè*, Union of Two Nations), and General de Courcy wires, "I trust that the general pacification of the country is now near at hand." In Madagascar, however, matters are not so hopeful. Admiral Miot has made a reconnaissance to the Soama ford, where he found the enemy strongly entrenched. An engagement ensued, in which the French suffered severely.

The cholera continues to decrease in SPAIN, though the epidemic there is still severe in some districts. At the town of San Hipolito de Voltvegá the doctors are so busy that every household suffering from cholera has been ordered to hang out a flag or handkerchief, so that the medical men, who begin their visits at each end of the street and meet in the centre, may not miss a patient. At Aguada 300 men died out of a population of 600. A letter from Jaen says that the situation there is so horrible that, unless God takes pity on its wretched inhabitants, or the Government adopts energetic measures, the population will entirely disappear. Despite the Ministerial edicts against lazarettos, the smaller towns insist on quarantining travellers in filthy huts, without sufficient food or comfort; but all this misery, a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* tells us, will not prevent bull-fights from being held, as even the starving workmen will find some means of going to them, with a "bota" of sour wine and a few water-melons to refresh themselves. Workmen in Spain may starve, but they will never miss playing at the lottery at Christmas, or going to a bull-fight on special occasions. For this they have to pawn sometimes everything they possess, including their wives and children's clothes and bedding. From the South of France the cholera appears to have almost entirely disappeared, but in Sicily it is increasing to an alarming extent, particularly in Palermo, where the inhabitants seem to have been bereft of their senses. One householder was stabbed in four places for having his house disinfected, municipal officers charged with disinfecting the houses have been mobbed and fired at, bands of armed men keep watch at night to detect and take vengeance upon the "cholera anointers" and "scatterers of cholera powder." The King has sent a message of sympathy and a sum of money, and intends to visit the affected districts if the epidemic grows more serious. Meanwhile, as order must be maintained, troops have been despatched to the island and men of war stationed round the coast.

The dispute between GERMANY and SPAIN remains very much in the same condition, but some surprise has been created in Madrid by the publication by the *Times* of a conversation between Señor de Canovas and Mr. Layard (then British Minister at Madrid) duly recorded in a Blue Book for 1876. Mr. Layard, *à propos* of the Sooloo Islands question, had reminded Señor Canovas of the protest of Germany and England the previous year against the Spanish claims to the Caroline Islands, and hinted that Spanish vessels and Spanish authorities were endeavouring to assert a right of interference and jurisdiction in those islands to which neither England nor Germany would submit. "The President of the Council," then states Mr. Layard, "declared that he knew nothing whatever on the subject, and that Spain had never claimed sovereignty over the Caroline group. To be quite certain of this admission, I induced his Excellency to repeat it more than once." To palliate this assertion the Madrid Cabinet now asserts that Señor Canovas was speaking, not of the sovereignty of Spain in the Caroline Islands, but "of the exercise of this sovereignty over such parts of that and other archipelagos not effectively occupied by Spain at that time." A perfectly pacific solution of the question is universally expected, but meanwhile Spain is thinking of materially increasing her navy.

IN AUSTRIA considerable comment has been aroused by the Emperor's visit last week to the Bosnian frontier town, Brod, where he was received with great enthusiasm. He reviewed some Bosnian soldiers, received a Bosnian deputation, in which several Mahomedans were comprised, and in reply to the Burgomaster's address of loyalty, said he hoped to come back soon, and see more of the country. This step is considered to imply annexation to all intents and purposes. The Reichsrath met for the first time on Tuesday, and adjourned till to-day (Saturday), when the Imperial speech will be pronounced. The bank frauds trial has resulted in the condemnation of Kuffler to seven years' penal servitude. Amschler was acquitted.

RUSSIA is pushing telegraphs and railways ahead in Central Asia. The telegraph is to be extended to Bokhara and Merv, while trains now run to Kizil Arvat, and the Ashkhabad railway is being pushed forwards and is being constructed sectionally, the earthworks having been finished in many places, though the rails are not laid. The Russian telegraph system is now so near to India that it would be a comparatively easy task to join it to the Indian system. M. Lessar and Colonel Kuhlberg are expected to leave St. Petersburg this week to join the Afghan frontier Commission.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we learn from TURKEY that Sir Drummond Wolff and the Porte have not yet settled satisfactory bases on which to begin their negotiations for the settlement of the Egyptian question.—In EGYPT all is quiet, and there is a further report that Osman Digma was killed after a crushing defeat of his force of 3,000 Hadendowas by the Kassala garrison and friendly tribes. There is a dispute between the financial authorities and Messrs. Rothschild. The former insist that the total amount of the new loan should be paid into the Bank of England, while the latter wish to retain the sum already advanced by them to the Egyptian Government.—In GERMANY Emperor William has been visiting Stuttgart, and has been enthusiastically received by the Wurtembergers.—Miss Smith, an English ladies' maid, who resented a German lady's removal of some parcels which she had placed on the seat of a railway carriage by a box on the cars, has been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment.—In HOLLAND Parliament has been opened by the King, who spoke in his opening address somewhat gloomily about the financial condition of the country. "The considerable reduction in the price of produce," he also said, "has exercised an unfavourable influence on the industries of the Europeans in the East and West Indies." The Socialist agitation continues, and the Ministry of the Interior has received a deputation in favour of Universal Suffrage. While declaring that the Government was prepared to extend the suffrage, he declined to hold out any prospect of wholly fulfilling the wishes of the deputation.—INDIA is anxious about the secret treaty between France and Burmah, by which the former is granted the exclusive concession for the construction of railways, the right

to establish a bank at Mandalay, and various other privileges. This somewhat complicates the dispute between King Theebaw and the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company, who have now appealed to the Indian Government for redress, the Supreme Court of Mandalay having condemned them to pay 23 lakhs under pain of forfeiture of their forest rights. These, of course, would be transferred to the Frenchmen. Rain has now fallen in Mysore, Hyderabad, and Bellary, but some parts of the Deccan and the South Mahratta country are still suffering severely from drought.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Charles Warren, who has made a perfect triumphal progress throughout his journey from Bechuanaland, left Capetown for England on Thursday.



THE QUEEN has been taking her usual drives in the Highlands, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Duchess of Albany. On Friday week Her Majesty went to Glas-alt Shiel, and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the Castle. On Saturday the Queen again drove out, and Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Grand Duke of Hesse went deer-stalking. The Duke of Edinburgh left Balmoral. Divine Service was held at the Castle on Sunday, the Queen and Royal Family being present. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. On Monday Her Majesty drove out both morning and afternoon, and visited Braemar. Madame Albani Gye subsequently sang before the Queen. In the evening Sir Edward Thornton and the Earl of Idlesleigh dined with Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales left Copenhagen on Tuesday in the *Osborne*. On Friday week the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Queen of Denmark, the Duchess of Chartres, Princess Marie of Orleans, and Prince Waldemar, drove to Helsingor, and visited the Princess Augusta, returning to Fredensborg by special train. On Saturday the Princess of Wales laid the foundation stone of the new English Church in Copenhagen. The proceedings commenced with a hymn, after which a silver trowel was presented to the Princess, who laid some mortar round the edges of the stone. After an address by the Prince a number of English and Danish coins were deposited in a cavity of the stone, together with a parchment containing the names of all the Imperial and Royal personages present. Luncheon was then served on board the yacht *Osborne*. In the evening the Royal party were present at a gala performance of *Mephistopheles* at the Royal Theatre, and afterwards went on board the Imperial Russian yacht *Derzhava*, where a grand ball and supper were given by the Emperor of Russia. The Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters attended Divine Service on Sunday board the *Osborne*, and subsequently dined at Fredensborg Castle. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the first official trial of the Nordenföldt submarine boat off Landskrona, and in the evening left in the *Osborne* for Hamburg on his way to Vienna and Pesth. The Prince will attend the wedding of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Orleans, which will take place at the Chateau d'Eu on October 22nd. It is stated that the Prince of Wales will open the Severn Tunnel in January next.

The Duke of Edinburgh had two days' deer-stalking in Mar Forest last week, and killed two stags on the Glenquoich beat, and three on Ben-a-Bourd. The Duke has now returned to Eastwell. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been visiting Princess Frederick Charles at Gleincke near Potsdam, which place they left last week, and proceeded to Darmstadt, from whence they returned to London on Tuesday. Princess Christian has also been staying at Darmstadt, and Prince Christian has visited Silesia. The Prince and Princess and family are expected at Windsor early next month. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have been the guests of M. Blumenthal, the composer, at his chalet in Switzerland, where they have been much fêted. The Princess and the Marquis will shortly go to Andermatt to see the German Crown Princess.



CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The prospectus of the thirtieth season of these concerts, by far the most important musical performances of the winter, will be issued next week. It will contain the full programmes of all the ten concerts to be given before Christmas; and while Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride* is reserved for February 13, and Gounod's *Mors et Vita* for a Saturday afternoon in Lent. Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, and the appearance of Joachim and Bottesini, are likewise relegated to the ten concerts between February 13 and April 17. The other programmes are mostly composed of familiar works, with a few interesting novelties, the new compositions of foreign mediocrities happily being dispensed with. The chief symphonies promised are the *Birmingham*, by Prout; *Pastoral*, by Beethoven; D minor (No. 2), by Dvorák; the great Symphony in C, by Schubert; the *Clock*, by Haydn; *Italian*, by Mendelssohn; *Fantastique*, by Berlioz; *Jupiter*, by Mozart; and B flat, by Schumann. The pianists are Miss Fanny Davies (Beethoven in G), Mr. Rummel (Liszt in E flat), Mlle. Luziani (Mendelssohn in G minor), Mr. Max Pauer (Beethoven in E flat), Mr. Oscar Beringer (Raff's C minor and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia), and Madame Frickenhaus (Mozart's *Coronation*). The violinists are M. Bercewicz and M. Jung, and Mr. Lockwood will play a harp concerto by Handel. Among the additions to the Crystal Palace repertory will be Mr. F. Corder's overture, *Trospéro*; a symphonic poem, by Dr. Praeger; a concerto for two flutes, by Bach; Rubinstein's *Bal Costumé*; Handel's *Ariadne* overture; Saint Saëns' suite, *Étienne Marcel*; an Italian *capriccio*, by Tschaiowski; and a *schërzo*, by Goldmark. Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli will make her *début* at an orchestral concert on Nov. 14. At the last concert of the season, on December 19, Mr. Cowen will direct his cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*; but the other concerts will be conducted by Mr. Manns.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON EXHIBITIONS.—The authorities are well-believe fully alive to the importance of the criticisms passed upon the musical arrangements at the Inventions Exhibition, and before next season will fully investigate the matter. That the arrangements of the present year have practically broken down is an undeniable fact. The brass band contests had to be wholly abandoned, and the choral competition was grotesquely inadequate. The engagement of the Strauss Quadrille Band provoked strong protests, the Siamese Orchestra has been almost overlooked, and the valuable Loan Exhibition of musical instruments was not provided with even the scantiest catalogue until the holiday season had commenced. On the other hand some highly interesting recitals have been given in the music room by the exhibitors, and the attractions of the brass bands have been eked out by a nightly "military tattoo" and the "British Army Quadrilles;" a once popular composition which has



been happily described as the white flag of amusement mongers. The executive have been blamed in some quarters because they have not utilised the Albert Hall for high-class concerts. But had they done so, the counter-complaint would inevitably have been raised that they unfairly competed with established societies. Besides, daily concerts of the highest class were tried a few years ago at the Albert Hall, and they did not pay their way. The problem before the executive is indeed one of exceeding difficulty. Next year the Indian and Colonial Exhibition will be confronted with powerful rivals in an American Exhibition on a large scale, and a rebuilt Japanese Village. It will be necessary to provide some outdoor novelty if the interest of the South Kensington enterprise is to be maintained. But it is not easy to determine in what direction to proceed without offending some susceptibilities.

**THE BARREL ORGAN.**—The recent theft of 125*l.* from an organ grinder in Manchester has directed attention to the profits made by perambulating musicians, and many absurd and erroneous statements have been printed. Some time ago we had occasion to investigate the whole question, and a few brief details may now be of interest. Firstly it may be stated that, although the great majority of organ grinders in London live about Saffron Hill, there is also a large colony at Hamermith. The old-fashioned street organ, with twenty-four keys, is now fast becoming obsolete. It weighed 40 to 50 lbs., cost about 20*l.*, and was carried on the back. The pipes were made in the Black Forest, and the materials were put together in London. This organ was invented by a man named Hicks early in the present century, but Messrs. Imhof and Mülle (whose prices for mechanical organs for private houses run up to 1,500*l.*), are now the largest makers, and turn out for England from thirty to forty annually. The "fashionable" instrument now, however, is that known as the "piano organ," and it is carried on a truck. It will be noticed that these organs are more often seen in the winter than the summer. The superior claims of the provinces and holiday resorts may partly account for this, but we are assured that the chief reason for the scarcity of organ men during the warm weather lies in the fact that the trucks are used for penny ices, which provide an even more profitable trade. Where the piano organ is seen in London in the summer, it is usually, for this reason, worked by two women, dressed in so-called Italian costume, but often recruited from the ranks of metropolitan servant girls. There are only six *padroni* in London in an extensive way of business, but each has twenty-five to fifty organs. The tunes are frequently changed, the alteration costing 5*l.* to 8*l.* There is a stable near Gray's Inn Road where these new melodies are often tried by the men. Mr. Reginald Taylor, who is consulted for medical advice by large numbers of the organ grinders, states that they have on the whole remarkably good health. Strange to relate, they suffer little from pulmonary diseases, and their maladies are usually caused by the extraordinary food they eat. The organ grinder rarely, however, remains long enough in England to buy an organ for himself. When he has saved a little money he hastens to return to sunny Italy. The earnings naturally vary, but the takings for many organs exceed a pound a day, and some are much higher. Sunday is, of course, a *dies non*, but the paradise of the peripatetic street musician is a poor neighbourhood on Saturday night.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr. Barnby, have issued the new season's prospectus, and promise Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, Berlioz' *Faust*, and Hillier's *Song of Victory*, besides *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Redemption*, and *Judas Maccabæus*.—Madame Patti will, at her concert at St. James's Hall, on November 7, sing, "Twas within a mile," "Ah! fors' e lui," Gounod's "Ave Maria," and with Madame Trebelli the duet from *Semiramide*.—Mr. Gordon Cleather, late manager of the Crystal Palace, has arrived in New York. The newspapers of that city have reproduced our criticism of Mr. Cleather's performance of Tausch's suite for six kettledrums, which Mr. Cleather proposes soon to introduce to America.—Mr. Mapleson has returned to London, and will next week sail for America, where his season will open on the 26th prox.—Mr. Maurice Strakosch will shortly publish a volume of his recollections of eminent artists of the past twenty-five years.—Signor Piatti's place at the Popular Concerts will be taken by Herr Franz N'rudá.—Madame Patti has, it is stated, now decided upon a Continental tour, under Herr Schürman, and will therefore not visit America this year.—On Saturday *Falka* was revived at the Avenue, with Misses Cameron and Wadman in their original parts. The piece is admittedly a stopgap, pending the production of M. Audran's *Indiana*, and it demands no further notice.—The Berlin contrapuntist, Friedrich Kiel, died last week. His *Star of Bethlehem*, *Requiem*, and other works have been heard here, but were little appreciated.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has been "interviewed" in Mexico, and delivered himself strongly on the questions of Transatlantic piracy and interviewing.—Mr. C. Villiers Stanford requests us to contradict the rumour that the Bach Choir are going to produce his oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, next season.



**THE BISHOP OF ELY** in his Charge to the clergy at Cambridge on Tuesday strongly urged Churchmen to use great vigour in opposing Disestablishment and Disendowment, calling the latter a scheme of plunder. The Churchmen's Disestablishment League on the other hand in their manifesto advise the voters to give their suffrages only to Disestablishment candidates, that thereby "traffic in livings, with its hideous train of clerical agents, family jobs, and disreputable purchasers," may be swept away, and that the Church may be saved from its so-called friends and defenders.

**ARCHBISHOP WALSH**, replying on Tuesday to an address from the University College, Dublin, reviewed the question of Roman Catholic higher education. He said that Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges were dangerous to the faith of Roman Catholics, while the Royal University was merely a makeshift. He believed the Irish Section in Parliament would aid them to obtain perfect equality with other denominations in University education.

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY** has sent to every beneficed clergyman in the Diocese a long list of questions relating to the condition of their schools and churches, the spiritual needs of their parishes, and other parochial matters. His Grace's object is to obtain such information as may render his approaching Visitation effectual for its purpose.

**ON SATURDAY CANON WORDSWORTH** was formally elected as their Bishop by the Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral. The consecration will probably take place in Westminster Abbey on October 28, and the ceremony is to be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

**SYDNEY SMITH's** old church at Foston, near York, is in process of restoration. The amount required to restore the nave is about 1,000*l.*, the chancel having been just rebuilt at the Rector's expense, and subscriptions may be sent to the "Foston Church Restoration Scheme" Union Bank, York.

**DR. MORAN**, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, left last week for Australia, being accompanied by several priests and sisters. He is, however, staying *en route* at Naples, where he is organising a mission college. His Eminence is the first Australian Cardinal.

### "SENTRY GO"

"A FIELD OFFICER" writes as follows with reference to our "Topic Note" last week on this subject:—"Many anecdotes about solitary sentries and the dangers they incur might be told. There is a story in, I think, one of Cooper's novels, which relates that during one of the wars with the Indians the sentries at one of the posts had been frequently killed and scalped in a mysterious manner, so that the men were afraid to mount there. Just then, a young officer committed the offence of absenting himself whilst on guard, and was to be tried for it. The colonel told him that if he would mount sentry on this post he would recommend to the Commander-in-Chief that his offence should be condoned. The officer gladly accepted this offer, and it was arranged among his comrades that they should sit up, and if he fired rush out to his assistance.

"It was a fine moonlight night, and he had passed more than half of his time on sentry without anything extraordinary happening, when he saw a wild pig grubbing about. The young sportsman licked his lips, and longed for a shot, but dared not, of course, fire and alarm the camp, as to do so would be a breach of the Articles of War, which provide that any person 'creating a false alarm in camp or quarters by firing guns, beating drums, &c., shall suffer death, or such other punishment,' &c. The pig continued to grub about, and came nearer and nearer, until at last the officer, considering that his friends were sitting up, and that they would be easily consoled for their alarm by a haunch of wild boar, levelled at the pig and bowled him over; running to pick him up, he found he had bagged a Red Indian, who, in the guise of a pig, had killed the sentries.

"In the last Burmese War several sentries were killed on their post, but these were always Sepoys, because nothing—not even the prospect of certain death—can keep an Eastern awake when overcome with sleepiness. Double sentries were ordered to be posted, and they were strictly forbidden to enter the reed sentry boxes—made for protection against the sun—at night. The field officer, going his rounds, found as usual that there were no sentries at a post, and knowing also that they would be asleep in the sentry box, struck the reeds sharply with his stick, when out rolled the two Sepoys each grappling at the other's throat, each thinking the other was a Burmese.

"The white troops objected so strongly to having double sentries on account of the increased duty that they were allowed to mount singly, and there were no casualties. If the sentry the other night at Woolwich had been on the alert two men could not have surprised him, but Tommy Atkins is apt now and then to be stolid. The Fenians or thieves must also have been very stolid, or they would not have expected that the sentry would have the key of the magazine in his pocket.

"As a rule, however, English sentries are very alert. The writer of this, being encamped at Malta during the Crimean War, came back to camp one night, and when he reached the hornwork where his tent was, found he had forgotten the parole. Waiting until the sentry's back was turned, he crawled on his hands and knees in the deep shadow of a wall, thinking he could thus pass the sentry, but he was arrested by a 'Who goes there?' and a rifle pointed at him. So he had to surrender himself, and send for the sergeant of the guard, feeling very small.

"Many years ago, when practical jokes were in fashion, some young Englishmen at Munich on several occasions tripped up the sentry near a canal, and when he fell, sending his musket flying in front of him, they would throw his musket into the canal, and bolt. You may suppose the rage of the German authorities.

"The fact of a sentry over a powder magazine being 'unloaded' is as inexcusable as his want of vigilance in not challenging, but this is quite of a piece with our police being unarmed. Sentries over powder magazines should have a revolver, and carry it in the hand, at full cock. Indeed, the use of revolvers, which were found very serviceable in such wars as those in Egypt and Zululand, might with advantage be extended."



**THE SEASON.**—A sunny September the present month cannot be called, yet to inhabitants of London it has given some bright and pleasant autumnal days, while in the Eastern and Southern counties generally it has been by no means an inclement time. The West appears to have been the most unfortunate region, for here the rainfall for the first fourteen days of September has been 2.92 inches. In the Western shires, producing ordinarily 1½ million quarters of wheat, a fair amount of barley, and large quantities of oats, it is now probable that October will be with us before the fields are finally cleared. Wheat stacks, soaked with wet, are getting dangerously heated, while the sheaves in the fields are sprouting, and standing corn has been much knocked about by the high winds which have prevailed. Barley in the North and West is found to be much stained; but the yield in the more important counties of the South and East is satisfactory, not only in quantity but in quality also. Samples have been found by maltsters to work very well, though there is not such evenness of excellence as there was last year, when we had one of the finest, though by no means one of the largest, barley crops ever grown. The prices of grain remain about the same as a fortnight ago, but a stronger feeling is becoming manifest, and it is not expected that after Christmas the present average prices on English grain will continue to be quoted. It is a season when sound policy points to holding all sorts of grain, and especially wheat, for an advance.

**THE POTATO CROP**, it is now said, will be a small one, the tubers having remained of diminutive size during the drought of July and August, while the fortnight of showery or wet weather experienced since September came in has caused sprouting. On reference to present prices, however, it will be seen that the situation has been already discounted, or more than discounted, by the astute personages who control the trade, and who are now getting 80*s.* to 90*s.* per ton for "Shaws," quoted 50*s.* to 60*s.* a year ago. The well-known "Magnum Bonum" variety has risen thirty shillings per ton on the twelvemonth. The continuance of these prices will tend to cause an increased consumption of bread, which is still extraordinarily cheap, but it is not at all certain that they will be maintained after the potato crop of England, Ireland, and the Continent is finally secured. Despite all that has been said, we think it will be safer to let another full month elapse before we set down the year's potato harvest as deficient.

**SUPPLIES OF BREADSTUFFS** for the first fortnight of the new cereal year are estimated at 1,195,895 qrs., against ordinary consumptive wants of about 900,000 qrs. The supply is thus made up:—English wheat, 276,850 qrs., foreign wheat, 779,000 qrs., foreign flour, 140,045 qrs. In the first fortnight of the last cereal year the figures added up to the still more formidable total of 1,461,807

qrs.; in the cereal year preceding 1,175,196 qrs. were received; this included more English wheat and foreign flour, but less foreign wheat. There are now on passage to the United Kingdom 1,700,000 qrs. of foreign wheat and flour.

**THE STAFFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** have been discussing the situation, and they have arrived at the conclusion that it has but a very gloomy outlook for the British agriculturist. After a cycle of bad seasons, which proved a terrible drain on farmers' capital, they have been overtaken by a great decline in the prices of all kinds of produce. Grain, butcher's meat, and cheese have all fallen in price so heavily that the old margin of profit has been replaced by a most disheartening foreknowledge of certain loss. Potatoes, fruit, and vegetables are indeed dearer than a twelvemonth ago, but pulse is cheaper, and the prices making for poultry, eggs, and milk are very disappointing, so that on the whole the minor articles of farm produce, as well as the more important staples, are unremunerative. As Mr. Stratton said, in addressing the Society, "It has now become as great a puzzle how to produce meat at 7*d.* per lb. as wheat at 4*s.* per bushel," and about the only piece of solid comfort offered to the meeting was to be found in Mr. Cheate's statement that the breeding of agricultural horses was on the increase, and that if care was taken to breed none but the best there ought to be no doubt as to making them profitable.

**FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE**, instead of being extirpated, has now spread to Norfolk and Rutland. The great county of Lincoln is also invaded. Altogether there are now about a dozen centres of disease in England, and, at this time of year, when cattle are out on the pastures, the difficulty of isolation is increased. Both Ireland and Scotland happily are free from the disease, but the believers in the disease having a spontaneous origin may fairly call upon their opponents to say how the recent English outbreaks have occurred. We do not believe ourselves in the disease being indigenous, but we think that fuller explanations should be forthcoming from orthodox authorities in cattle disease.

**PROFESSOR FREEMAN** was very moderate in his remarks at the recent meeting of the British Association on the subject of farming and landowning. It is all the more discouraging to landed proprietors, therefore, to find the Professor of a decided opinion that either land must further fall in rent value, or else owners must farm their own property much more extensively than they have hitherto done. That a cogent and able paper should lead to this conclusion, and that the clever and expert critics present to hear it should not demur to the lecturer's inferences, must, we fear, be taken as a sad but sure sign of what the best current opinion has come to upon the subject of English land cultivation.

**THE FORMATION OF AN "ENSILAGE SOCIETY"** is announced with offices at 28, Museum Street, Bloomsbury, to "promote the practice of Ensilage," and entries in competition for prizes are invited. The classes will be open to all countries, and the prize specimens will be it is proposed, exhibited at the Smithfield Show in December next.

**MAIZE**, as a new English crop, is extending in cultivation, and this season the crop has been fairly successful, although the drought has often made the yield inferior to what it was last year.



**THE management** who are responsible for the production of *The Japs* at the NOVELTY Theatre have by this time probably satisfied themselves of the truth of the proposition that dramatic pieces cannot be produced without engaging the services of competent dramatic authors. *The Japs* is a burlesque suggested by *The Mikado*, and many of the elements which contribute to the success of the latter amusing piece have also been in more or less degree forthcoming on this occasion. The scenery is bright; the costumes are picturesque; the music—though, with the exception of one pretty song, composed for the occasion by Mr. Meyer Lutz, the conductor, and sung by that clever American actress, Miss Alice Atherton, it is merely selected—is tuneful and pleasing. Lastly, the management have assembled an excellent company, among whom Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Edouin stand forth conspicuously. But the book of the burlesque, stated to be the joint production of Mr. Harry Paulton and Mr. Mostyn Tedde, is so hopelessly puerile that no amount of talent in the performers or of prettiness in the accessories could possibly make it acceptable to full-grown audiences, unless we except that preternaturally indulgent gathering which generally fills the seats of a theatre on a first night. From certain points of resemblance to such pieces as *Fun on the Bristol*—notably in the large preponderance of noisy racket over wit or sense—we should suppose this piece to belong to an unpleasant class of American importations; but that is a point of little importance. We can only hope that Mr. Brough, Miss Atherton, and Mr. Edouin will present themselves as speedily as possible in some production more worthy of their talents.

The new melodrama, in five acts, by Miss Lily Tinsley and Mr. George Conquest, brought out at the SURREY Theatre, on Monday evening, with the title of *Devil's Luck, or the Man She Loved*, is, we believe, founded on a novel by Miss Tinsley—a circumstance which accounts for its very complicated story. It is sensational in a high degree, and abounds in incidents of a harrowing and exciting character. Some skill it undoubtedly shows; but, on the whole, it is rather an unhealthy production, an objection which even the acting of Mr. Conquest, aided by the services of Mrs. Bennett in the character of the heroine, did not serve wholly to redeem. Miss Tinsley, who is the daughter of Mr. William Tinsley, the well-known publisher, appears to have some talent for dramatic writing, which, it is to be hoped, will eventually exhibit itself in some less artificial and extravagant form.

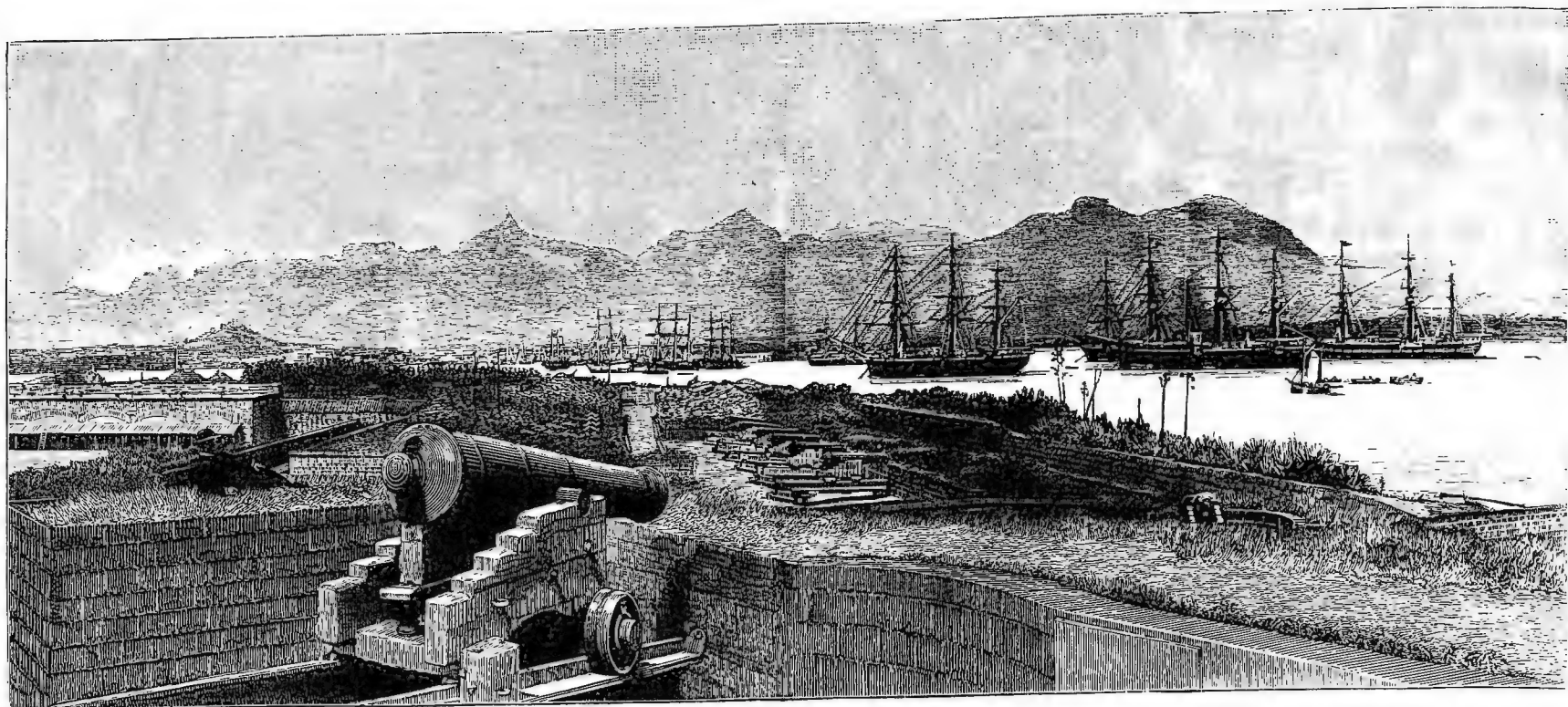
**THE OLYMPIC** re-opened on Monday evening with a new drama, which does not promise to keep this somewhat unfortunate house going beyond the week to which the venture is modestly confined. *Peer or Pauper*, by Mr. A. Macdonnell Green, is a crude production, designed with the double aim of entertaining audiences and setting forth in effective relief the hardships of the law forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Unhappily it succeeds in neither object, though Miss Louise Moodie played the part of the heroine in her impressive manner.

The re-opening of the HAYMARKET this evening, under the new management of Messrs. Russell and Bashford, naturally excites much interest among habitual frequenters of first night performances. Mr. Comyns Carr's version of the late Mr. Fergus's "Dark Days" claims attention on more than one ground, since the production will be signalled by some new and interesting effects in the way of scenic illusion.

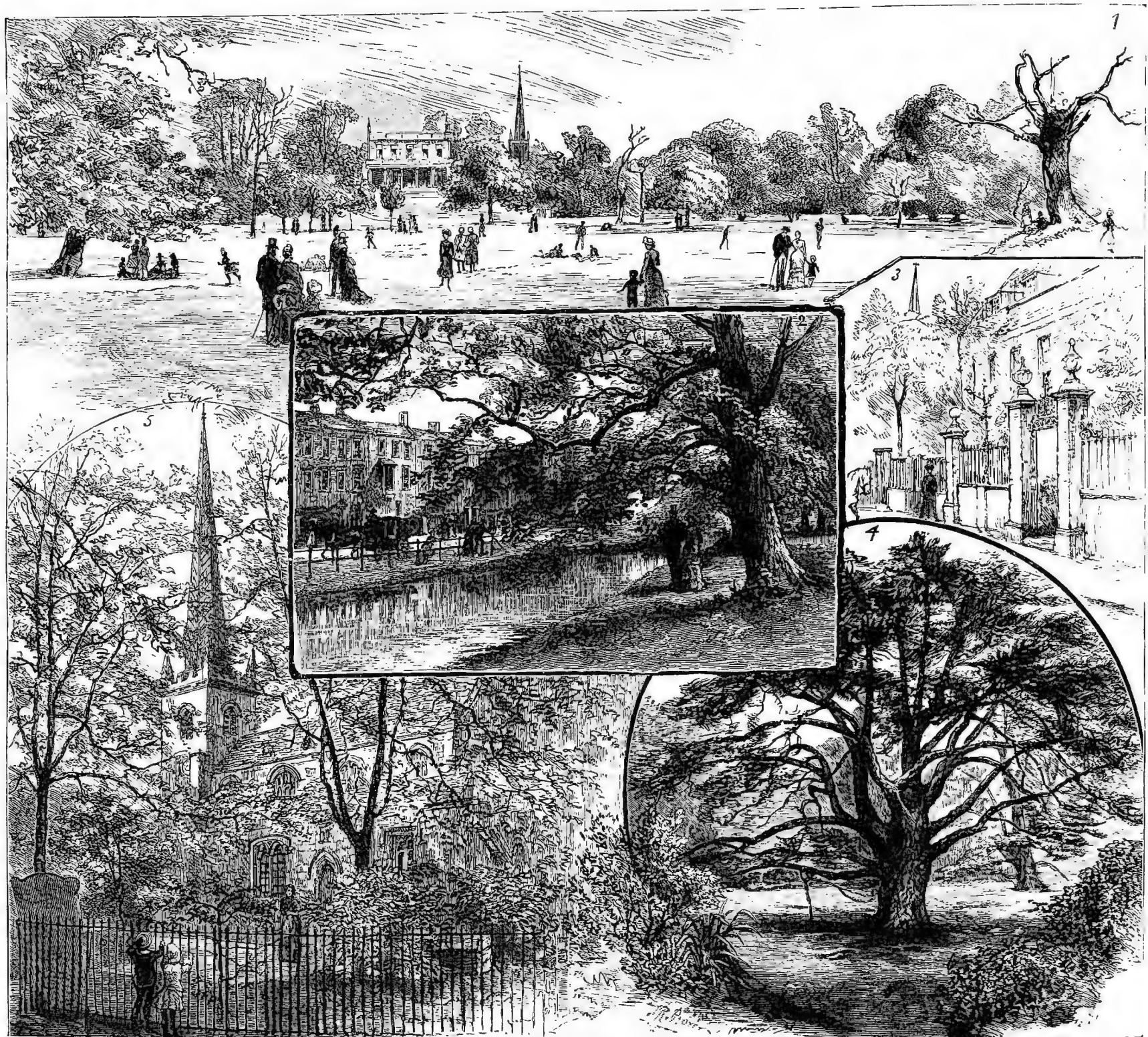
Yesterday (Friday) evening the Moore and Burgess Minstrels celebrated the beginning of their twenty-first year in one continuous season by the production of an entirely new entertainment, comprising, among other items, a burlesque conjuring scene à la M. Verbeck.

To the waxen portraits of distinguished British officers now on view at Madame TUSSAUD'S Galleries there is now added an excellent model of the late Colonel Fred. Burnaby.





THE HARBOUR OF PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS, WITH A SQUADRON OF GERMAN MEN-OF-WAR AT ANCHOR

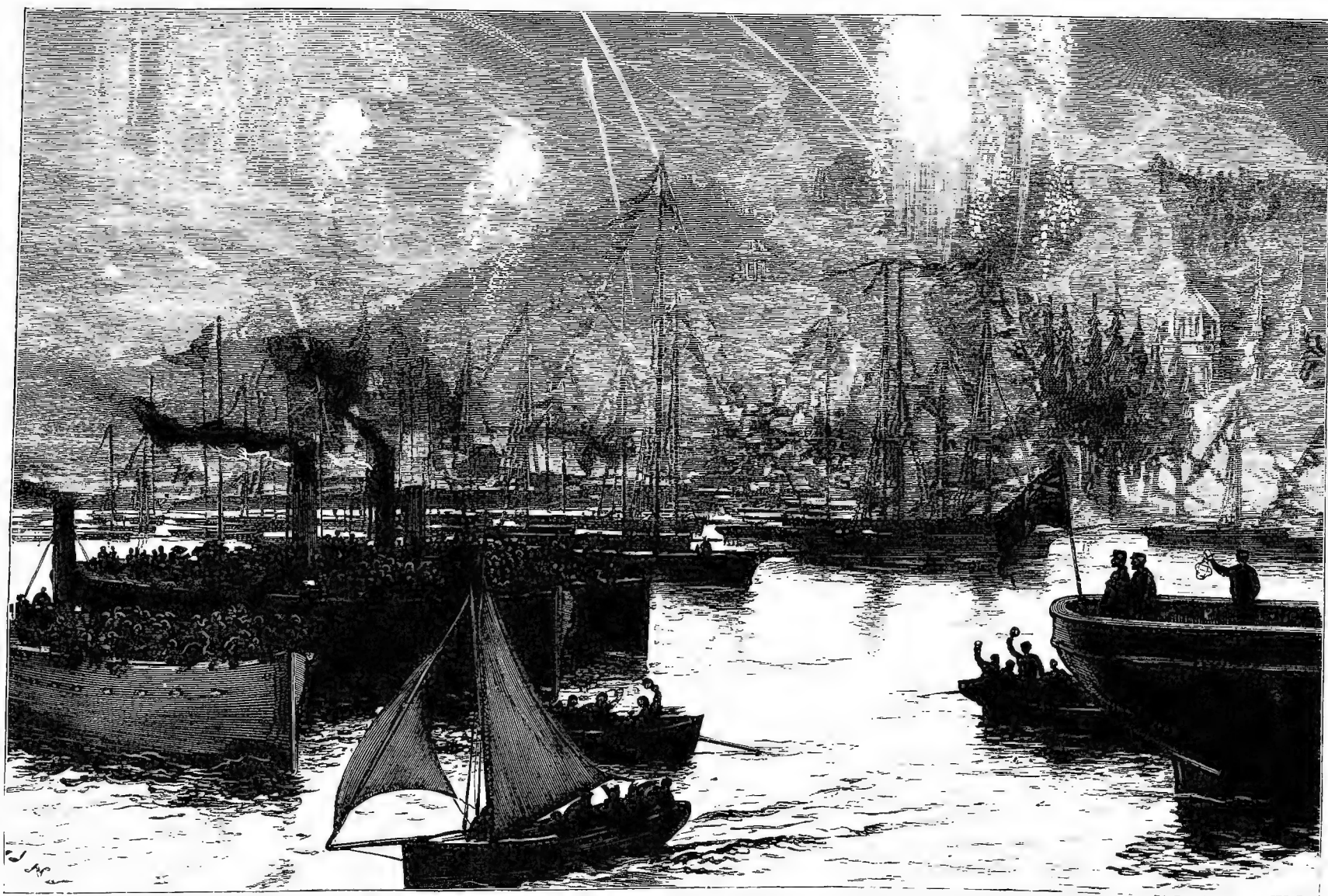


1. The Horse-Shoe Field.—2. Paradise Row and the New River.—3. In Church Street.—4. Old Yew Tree in the Garden.—5. The Old Church.  
BREATHING SPACES FOR LONDON—CLISSOLD PARK, STOKE NEWINGTON, OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON SUNDAYS





MILITARY HOSPITAL AT ABASSIEH, EGYPT, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF ENGLISH SISTERS



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWEDEN—THE RETURN OF THE YACHTS AFTER THE REGATTA NEAR STOCKHOLM  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



# A Voyage in Search of Health

(Continued from page 356)

Going round the Horn we scarcely ever had any sun, and knots of hungry-looking officers used to lurk about the deck like brigands and wait for him. On the appearance of a gleam of light all was excitement, they capered about and presented arms at it, and if the sun really shone for a moment these brigands instantly yelled down the hatch to other brigands, and all muzzles were brought to bear on the wretched sun. After such indelicate treatment who could wonder if the sun got rather shy.

We rounded the Horn some distance away, so that the sharpest-sighted could only see a snowy cloud, and the bad-sighted had to be contented with the imagination and assertion that they saw it. All that day we saw a jagged outline of snow and ice-covered peaks of great height, a most desolate looking place, with hardly a blade of grass, and only a sort of rough scrub upon it, quite uninhabited except by wretched blacks. Notwithstanding the biting cold, we were most comfortable, as the saloon was warmed with steam, and we drew many comparisons with our pinched chilblain experience on the *Lady Jane*, not altogether in favour of the latter. Our food was all carried frozen, and was of the best kind, again very different from our former trial, and all the arrangements on board were perfect, with, perhaps, the single exception of candlesticks, which were decidedly obstreperous.

My cabin-mate, whom we called "The Colt," from the capital running he made with a young lady on board, was wrestling with our candlestick one night, when the next cabin man got very contemptuous about it. "What, can't fix a candlestick yet? I'll come." And he came. The thing is contrived with a sort of diabolical spring; you put the candle in, and the spring pushes it up as it burns. The first thing it did was to leap wildly into the air and extinguish itself, amidst derisive cheers from "The Colt" and me. I shall never forget the sight of that unhappy man holding on to that candle while the sweat of anguish poured off his fevered brow; every now and then the thing would give a spasmodic leap upwards, would be captured in a gallant manner, brought down, and held on to like dear life. We watched in speechless interest. At last up it went again, like a skyrocket, making a splendid bull's-eye on the ceiling; we complimented and he used unparliamentary language. Then he came down a tone, and entreated assistance. We said: "What, can't fix a candle yet?" At last he thought he had got it fixed, put on the globe, and sat down to sigh, when up went the whole concern, globe and all, and we were once more in darkness. I have not space for all that man's observations, but when he left off from sheer exhaustion the air was thick with them.

We stopped at Rio about the middle of the voyage to coal. All were up at daylight watching the entrance into the harbour. The coast outline was very striking and bold. Many small dome-shaped islands, covered with fresh-looking verdure and palms, lay dotted about the Heads. One peak was most peculiar in form, and we at once christened it "The Colt's Tooth," as that gentleman had just lost one. As soon as we were anchored in the harbour flocks of small boats, decorated with brightly flowered carpets, and pulled by negroes and Brazilians, surrounded us, and "Go ashore! Good boat this!" resounded in a ceaseless clatter. A fussy little steam launch soon put off with the doctor and twelve skinny, yellow black-haired individuals, who came on board to breakfast, all carrying large umbrellas and a spare hat; one man had his spare hat neatly done up in newspaper and string. We exhausted ourselves in vain surmises as to the use of these additional hats.

The Market Place of Rio was a most animated scene: tiled and painted wooden shops with open fronts full of all kinds of tropical fruits, and the whole place swarming with negroes, men and women, the latter in the most gorgeous turbans, and carrying on a most animated conversation with each other; parrots, dogs, monkeys, and, I regret to say, filth of all descriptions, were abundant. We marched about in a body, every one staring at us, bought every kind of article we didn't want, and, of course, got most tremendously cheated. We took a mule tram through the city, and the drive unfolded new wonders at every turn; old decrepit negro women carrying huge bundles on their heads; Brazilian ladies with dress improvers, leathery hats, and high heels, attended by a black slave; dandies always smoking a cigarette, &c. Shops and houses, all open to the air, were of all designs and the brightest colours, avenues of cocoa palms and banana trees lined the streets, most gorgeous flowers filled every garden, and huge masses of a brilliant flame-coloured creeper hung over every wall.

After our tram drive we went to some stables, and hired a small four-in-hand with an immense amount of gesticulation and shouting. We had some lovely views of the town and bay as we drove up the mountain road to Tajuca, and we arrived there after about an hour's drive. We lunched at the hotel, which was most charmingly situated in sloping gardens and grounds. The drive down was full of breathless excitement. We tore down amidst much working of the driver's elbows, energetic use of the whip, and voluble abuse; he almost stood on his head when he hit the mules—it was terrible to watch him. How we got round the sharp corners I know not, but we got down whole somehow, with

seldom more than two wheels on the ground. One lady of our party insisted on prancing through the streets of Rio with a huge eight foot-long fern branch, greatly to the amazement of the simple natives, who let their cigarettes out while they gazed in wonderment. We walked some distance behind, and tried to look as if we were no connection.

We weighed anchor the next day and stood away for Madeira, our next stopping-place. The company's agents seemed very much as if they would like to come with us, and took a most affecting farewell. They were most kind and considerate to us during our stay, and gave us all information and assistance in their power. In about a fortnight we arrived at Madeira, and were delighted with the beauty of the island, which stands out of the sea 6,000 feet, so that the top is quite lost in clouds. The whole of the steep slopes were laid out in terraced gardens and vineyards, looking most refreshingly cool and green to our sea-tired eyes. White villas were dotted about, some at a great height, and here and there were brilliant patches of rhododendrons. There is no harbour; several rocks stand some little distance from the shore, having ancient, grey-looking fortresses erected on them, the masonry being worked into the rock. The principal of these is called the "Loo Rock." As soon as we approached land small cockleshells of boats, full of nearly naked boys, put off and surrounded us, with cries of "Me dive!—throw shilling in water!" They looked extremely picturesque, with their copper-brown bodies showing against the vivid blue water. Their diving was very clever, as they almost invariably found the coin. We threw in five-hundred-reis pieces in a most lavish way, and as the boys could not at first distinguish them from florins, they created much excitement.

These boys were put to flight by the Government boat, which came off, and was received by the purser and doctor at the landing-stage, while we anxiously grouped ourselves above to learn our fate, as these officials had it in their power to prevent our landing. We soon heard the fatal words "Yellow Flag," and all our hopes of expeditions were blasted. We gave dismal groans as the yellow flag of quarantine was run up to the masthead. Vessels from Rio are almost invariably quarantined on account of the yellow fever prevalent there, but as there was none during our stay in the town, and we had no sickness on board, we had still hopes until they were so summarily dispelled. We remained all day in such a pitch of fury that only the sight of the mangled corpse of one of those officials could have made us smile.

The pleasures of coaling commenced, and we were soon as black as soot. The natives are not very energetic. It took ten of them to pull up a hundred-pound bag of coal over a pulley, and they uttered the most dismal and entreating shrieks if made to hold it a moment. One personage was evidently the literary man of the party, and sat in great dignity and chalked up the number of sacks on a board of great size, while two superintendents did the looking-on part.

Two police boats watched us to prevent all intercourse; notwithstanding, whilst they slumbered, we bought sundry useless baskets from the small boys in the boats. We were not sorry to be once more on our journey, which we were by the evening. We arrived at Plymouth after a voyage of a little over six weeks, and without a genuine row all the time. In fact, we parted with many expressions of regret, which were, however, soon forgotten in the warm welcome we received from awaiting friends.



JAMES MALCOLM wasted this week for bigamy. It was alleged that the accused, under the name of McDonald, went to Brighton about Easter, casually met a young lady called Dash, and married her within the week. He then went to London, and she never saw him again until she discovered that he was a meat salesman in Islington, and that his first wife was alive. Miss Dash, her mother, and the clergyman who married them all swore positively that the prisoner was the man, but, on the other hand, the witnesses for the defence declared as stoutly that Malcolm was in other places at the time when he was alleged to be with Miss Dash. The trial was not completed when we went to press, so we are unable to publish the verdict.

SEVERAL SOCIALISTS were charged before Mr. Saunders at the Thames Police Court on Monday with obstructing the thoroughfare at the corner of Dod Street and Burdett Road, Limehouse. One man was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and six more were fined; whereupon Mr. William Morris, the well-known poet, called out "Shame!" He was promptly arrested by the police and brought before the magistrate, who, on his explaining that he was only "thinking aloud," discharged him. One of the papers spells his name Maurice, and describes him as the author of "The Paradise League." Such is fame!

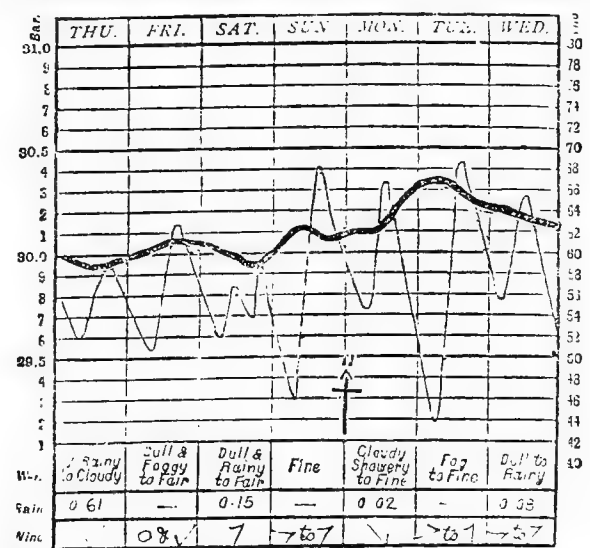
AT THE BIRMINGHAM POLICE COURT, on Monday, W. Richardson, alias Professor Hansden, was charged with obtaining 17. 18s. from a Birmingham hotel proprietor by fraud. He had represented himself as an advertising agent for the *Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, and other papers, and also for a non-existent Illustrated Leaflet Advertising Company. He had obtained

about 1007. by these representations. Being "wanted" by the police of several other places, the accused was remanded.

MRS. WELDON was released from Holloway Prison on Monday evening. On Tuesday she met a demonstration who had assembled in her honour before the doors of the gaol, and accompanied them through the streets to Hyde Park, where various speakers addressed the meeting. Mrs. Weldon strongly urged the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. In the evening she and her erstwhile opponent, Dr. Forbes Winslow, addressed a meeting at the Foresters' Hall on the same subject.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the greater part of the past week has been in an unsettled condition generally. At the opening of the week, pressure was very uniform over our islands, but some shallow depressions which formed in the neighbourhood of the Channel produced heavy rainfall over our South-Eastern counties during the early hours of Thursday. In the course of Friday the barometer began to fall, and the wind to back to the Southward, and freshen at our Western and extreme North-Western stations, and by Saturday morning a deep and well-marked depression was found off the north of Scotland. This disturbance caused fresh or strong Southerly veering to Westerly gales over the Irish and Scotch coasts, with a very general fall of rain—heaviest at the Irish stations. With the advance of the depression to Scandinavia, some improvement in the weather set in at most places, but as a subsidiary disturbance passed across Scotland on Sunday rain again became general. During the remainder of the period unsettled and rainy weather continued to hold at our more Western and North-Western stations, but fair, and at one time (Tuesday) fine, warm weather prevailed at the Southern and South-Eastern Stations. Temperature has not differed much from the average.

The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.93 inches) on Saturday (19th inst.); range 0.42 inches.

The temperature was highest (69°) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); lowest (44°) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); range 25°.

Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.86 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.61 inch on Thursday (17th inst.)

A WARNING TO BRITISH PARENTS who are thinking of sending their boys "out West" is contained in the *San Francisco Bulletin*, which, under the head of a "Contemptible Swindle," tells the following story:—"Nine more victimised English boys have turned up at Los Angeles, aged fourteen to seventeen. Their fathers in England were induced to pay 20l. entrance fee for their sons as 'pupils' on fruit farms in California at 1l. per week, and to be treated 'as members of the family.' The firm had headquarters in London. The agent gets 2l. 8s. apiece for providing each boy with a home. Their passage, which they pay themselves, is 15l. When the boy gets here he finds he could have done it all himself, and that the promised situation is never forthcoming. Nearly forty cases have thus far been discovered."

Hops, it is now fairly well ascertained, will prove a deficient yield in England, and but an indifferent crop in Germany. We, therefore, have every reason to believe that prices will be manipulated in the interest of the "Ring," which for some time past has virtually possessed the hop trade. Four or five big houses are said to hold between them a capital of at least as many millions, and to make large fortunes out of growers on the one side and brewers on the other. Hence there is some clamour for an open market. An attempt to establish a Hop Exchange was resisted by the big firms in question, and ended in failure. The chief drawback in the way of direct business between farmer and brewer is perhaps the inability of the farmer to allow the credit which the big firms allow the brewer. The intermediaries, however, make the brewer pay so heavily that he may be driven to a cash system and direct purchases, which would be a great and a most healthy change.

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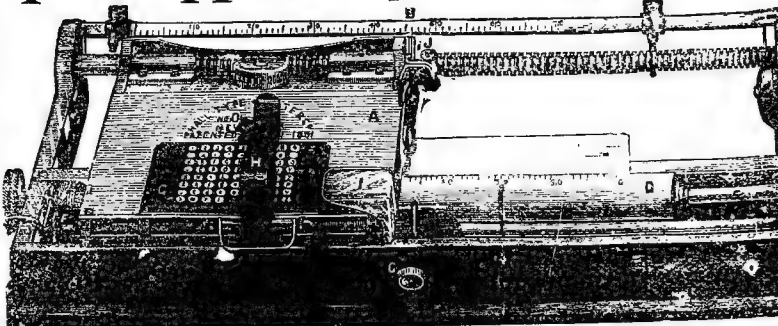
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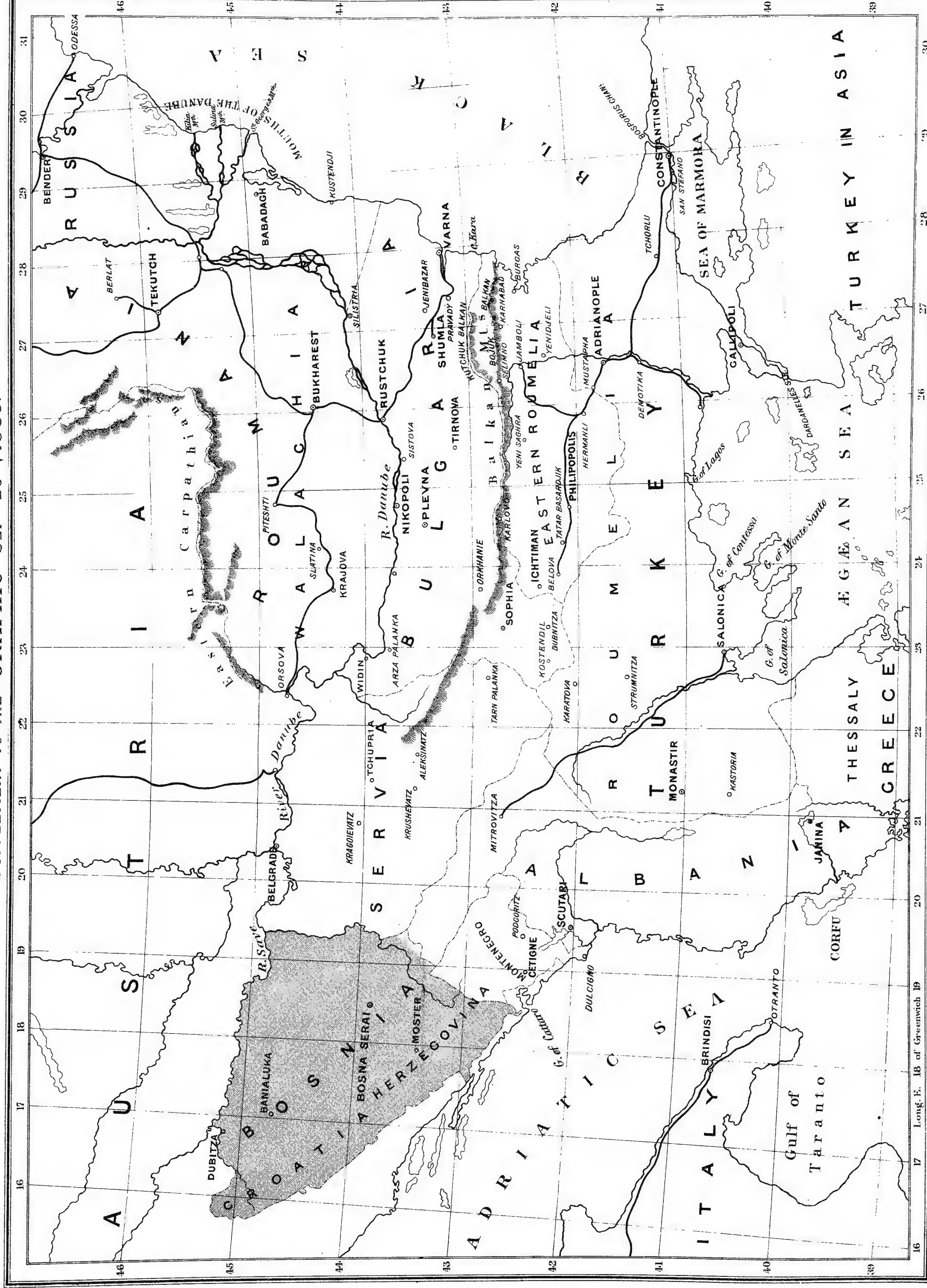
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THE GRAPHIC MAP OF BULGARIA, EASTERN ROUMELIA, THE TURKISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE. ETC., ACCORDING TO THE TREATY OF BERLIN.



# A VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF HEALTH

**W**HY THE DICKENS do the doctors send their unfortunate patients on a sea voyage, and above all choose a sailing ship for their fell purpose? We many times expressed ourselves in even stronger language when exposed to the

effect that any person or persons found drunk or disorderly in the saloon at night, to the annoyance of other passengers, would be promptly taken on deck and put under the pump until further notice; these measures were for a time successful. Being checked

whose years were in advance of her airy and girlish playfulness of demeanour, appeared to great advantage as the young and lovely landlady, while the doctor figured as a retired prizefighter, in a white waistcoat emblazoned all over with enormous horseshoes for



SOME OF THE PASSENGERS

trials and vicissitudes experienced on the *Lady Jane*. One dark suggestion was that this was their mode of ridding themselves of their troublesome incurables, and that a sailing vessel was chosen as being the best adapted for their evil designs. For the benefit of future victims this article is intended to set forth, in a true and unvarnished manner, a few of the harrowing details of our voyage to New Zealand.

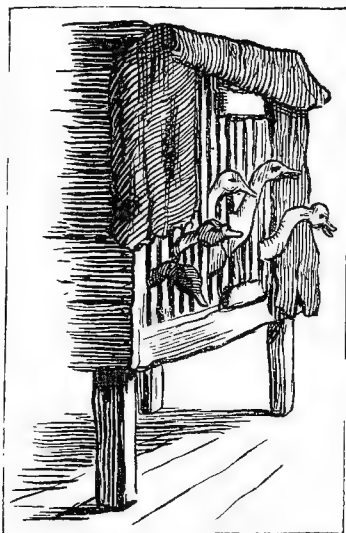
The good ship *Lady Jane* left Portsmouth Harbour, September, 188—, with 240 souls on board, all told—that is, if you reckon in certain passengers that some of us were not inclined to credit with any such possession. There were, as is usually the case, three distinct species of passenger—invalids, emigrants, and “riotous spi-

in their aggressive forms of amusement, “Scraggs’s Crew” took refuge in the solace of music and the excitement of the drama, as exemplified by a Christy Minstrel entertainment. My cabin mate and a friend used to while away the weary hours learning to play the banjo in my cabin. I have heard much about the quiet of a sailing ship; I wish the people who spread these reports no more harm than just to spend an hour or so in a six-foot square cabin with a person practising the banjo—I only wish them that. There was a leader to this happy band, but his office was quite a sinecure, as no one paid the slightest attention to him.

The soldiers’ chorus from *Patience*, with a “walk round” after, was a grand feature of the entertainment. Perhaps the most amusing part was that it never came off, as there used to be a free fight every rehearsal as to who should play “Bones,” and this was never definitely settled. I suppose it amused them, but it most certainly did not keep them quiet. Again the “Invalids’ Brigade” came well to the fore, with greater triumph, in a grand dramatic performance, not only organised and rehearsed, but performed! My share was the honourable and important post of prompter, curtain-manager, bell-ringer, scenic artist, and call-boy. It

the occasion. Mr. Slumper reddened his nose with lip-salve, and appeared for two days after with great splendour of local colour, as the cosmetic would not wash off. Miss Selina Screws was in a most terribly agitated state previous to the performance, and entreated me to place my hand upon her heart, and feel how it beat and fluttered. Perhaps, if I had foreseen that feeling ladies’ hearts was one of the many and onerous duties of prompter, I might have paused, and thought awhile, ere I accepted a position of so much danger.

After a month’s sailing the ceremony of “burying the dead horse” came off. Sailors are paid a month in advance, and so for the first month are “working the dead horse,” which they bury at the end



SOME NOISY PASSENGERS

rits,” as one lady called them. I think we had more than our fair share of the latter. Immediately upon starting they banded themselves into what they called “Scraggs’s Crew,” under the leadership of a creature named Scraggs, the special object of this brotherhood being to annoy and insult every one else on board. Locking people into their cabins, putting dead rats into their berths, throwing their things overboard,—these, and other similar delicate attentions, constituted their daily programme of amusement. Scraggs came into a passenger’s cabin one night to borrow money; being unsuccessful he first tried to set light to him with lucifer matches, and, failing in this laudable intention, rushed wildly about the saloon with lighted paper. The next morning a solemn deputation waited on the captain, and requested a remedy. The captain looked the



THE CAPTAIN AT CRIBBAGE

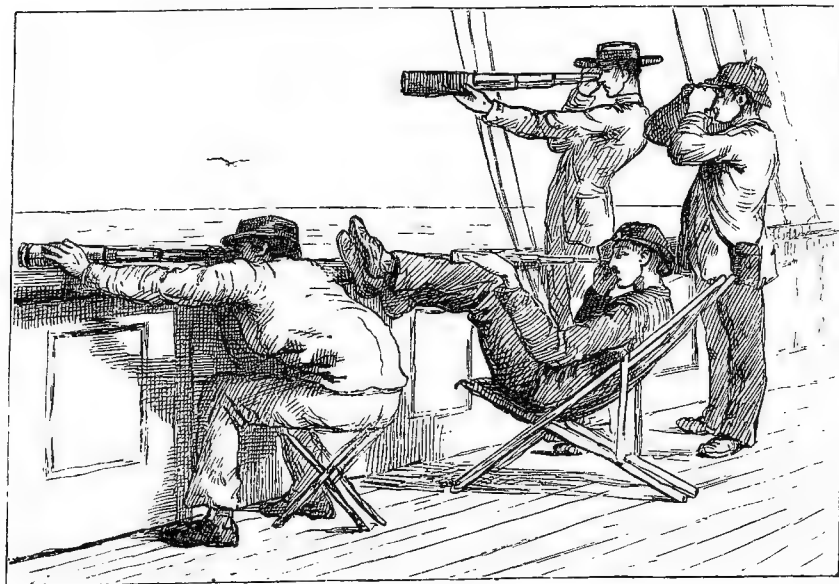
was rather a delicate position at times, as some people used to get very “highly tighty” when prompted, and others, when not prompted, would lose their heads at once. The rehearsals were grand fun, as nobody knew his own part, but made up for



OUR YOUNGEST LADY PASSENGER

with much rejoicing. The spirited animal, made of tow, blanket, and wood, was dragged round the ship, ridden by a smart jockey, and then put up to auction by one of the quartermasters, in a top hat and frock coat. The passengers have to bid, and the great idea was to call out some one else’s name with a handsome offer. In the course of his speech the auctioneer alluded to the gentleman in Shakespeare who offered “a kingdom for a horse.” “He,” the auctioneer, “was firmly convinced that if that horse had been taken to him he would have paid at least two kingdoms for such a noble animal.” (Cheers.)

After as much as possible had been extorted from the unfortunate passengers, the spirited quadruped was run up to the yardarm, jockey and all, to the accompaniment of a wild chorus, and finally



A SAIL!



A NAP PARTY

picture of woe, and said there was always some complaint every Sunday morning; he never had a quiet time; and we had better help ourselves about it. We then enrolled ourselves into an opposition called the “Invalids’ Brigade,” and issued a proclamation to the

it by knowing every one else’s perfectly. One of the pieces was the screaming farce, “B.B.,” in which Mr. Slumper, a stout, aged gentleman, was “boots,” and Miss Slumper, a lady of versatile talent, was “chambermaid.” Miss Selina Screws, an artless lady,

dropped into the sea with a port-fire burning thereon; the jockey, however, preferred to remain behind.

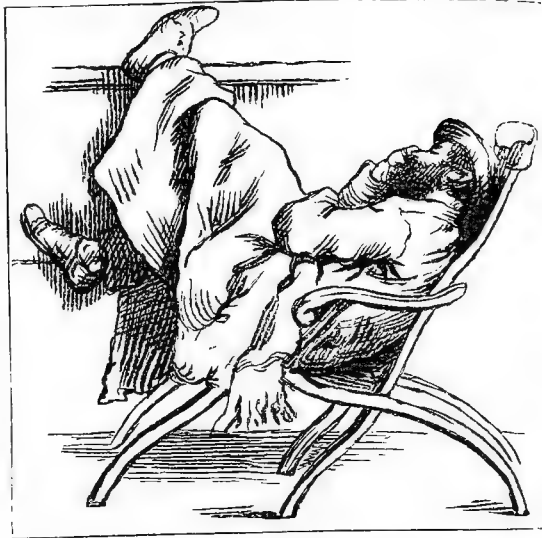
I wonder if all captains are a sort of highly explosive barometer; ours was. If there was a head wind he would come into the saloon



with the barometer at stormy. One lady would always persistently disregard these meteorological warnings, and make cheerful inquiries about the weather in a sprightly sort of way, while we less courageous mortals looked on and trembled. When troubles of

the cry of "Sail ho!" every one used to appear on deck from the recesses below, armed with deadly-looking optical instruments of all kinds. The costumes that were thus produced were at times bordering on the eccentric, so much so that one gentleman appearing at

we had to sit at meals on a sopping seat with the Niagaras falling down the back of our necks. Mr. Slumper was wont to sleep with many empty meat tins suspended over him to catch the superabundant moisture; the ingenious apparatus used to awaken him when it



SOME ATTITUDES ON DECK

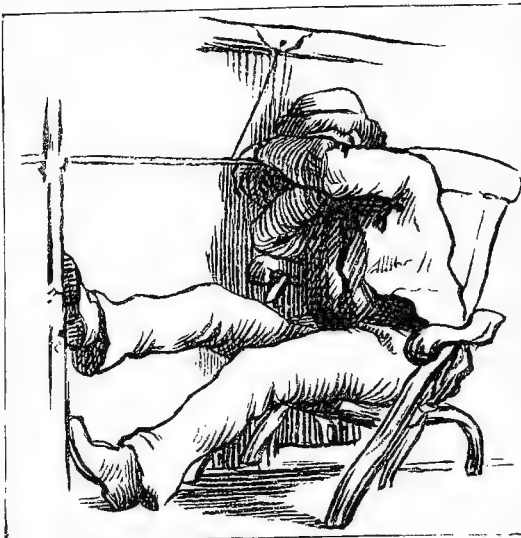
this sort were on, the captain's appetite was seriously affected, and he would regard his food with the blackest looks. Sometimes, when goaded to desperation by the cheerful inquiries, he would snatch his cap and depart for the privacy of his cabin, there to nurse his wrongs in silence and alone. Neither stormy blast nor rolling deep could be said to affect the appetite of Mrs. Slumper. She pretended to loathe her food, she shuddered and turned away on appearing at a meal, and an unsophisticated stranger would have thought she was not to be tempted to take a morsel; but she soon made up for lost time when she once got to work. She would always take the richest food when seasick, and wonder why she was ill. She used to say that was all she could "fancy."

We noted a great peculiarity of the fowls on board, namely, that they only grew legs, wings, backs, and heads, no breasts. We had whole forests of drumsticks brought to table, but we never saw a breast. Upon inquiry the head steward said they were all at the other table, but this was indignantly denied there, so the only conclusion was that the fowls on board did not grow them, a most curious phenomenon in natural history. Kerosene in one's tea is rather an unusual experience; we had some, but did not especially notice it, as the flavour was usually so extraordinary that a little kerosene did not seem to make so much difference. One of the great troubles of ship life is to get one's bath in the morning; the ablutions of about two dozen people were crammed into an hour-and-a-half, so the affair partook of some of the features of a scramble. Towards breakfast a regular line of wretched beings, armed with towels and sponges, used to roll about the passage leading to the bath-room. But perhaps the greatest fun was to cut some one out when he had filled the bath and gone back for a forgotten towel; it was a blissful moment when he came back and tried the door. We had on board an ancient inhabitant of the Shetland Isles who owned to one hundred, and who declared triumphantly her innocence of baths during that period.

The doctor used to have rather a lively time of it. He was always being fetched in a hurry to a dying man, generally in the middle of the night, if the dying man could arrange it so. One

dinner in his pajamas, the captain sent to say he would probably find it cooler in Highland costume.

We achieved the triumph of catching a shark. No voyage can



ANOTHER ATTITUDE ON DECK

required emptying by upsetting on to his face—a capital invention. Mr. Slumper was not the only martyr in this way. One night, when asleep in my bunk, I was somewhat suddenly aroused by a stream of water on my nose. I leapt up with alacrity and turned up my mattress in dismay, and the next moment the man in the bunk beneath yelled out as the water descended on to him likewise. Then we two unfortunate mortals lit up to inspect, and found torrents coming through the deck. After holding a solemn council, we decided to sleep in the ladies' boudoir at the stern, and wended our weary way thither with pillows and blankets, but upon our arrival we found that place also swimming with water.

We contemplated the tables as a possible resting place, and with many misgivings stretched our aching bones upon them. The next moment saw a tumbled heap of mattresses, pillows, and wriggling humanity lying at the lee side of the saloon. After we had sorted ourselves a little our joy may be imagined when we discovered a comparatively dry corner of the floor, where, after much wrangling as to who should have the driest portion, we placed our mattresses. Even then we were not happy, as the draughts howled and whistled round our heads, and I finally made a night of it in a chair lashed into a corner. I escaped with a bad pain in my temper, but the other man got quinsy. All the next day we had a gale, and people who started forth to walk on deck would suddenly change their minds, and remain to sit with a certain amount of abruptness; they tried to look as if they preferred sitting just then, but were only partially successful. We held a rehearsal for the next theatricals in the saloon, and hung on to brass pillars while we spouted. Every now and then the whole dramatic company would wildly shoot down the saloon and vanish, and then, after a while, slowly emerge from the various cabins they had involuntarily entered.

The great row of the voyage took place about an albatross skin. I should never have thought an albatross skin could have contained the elements of so much discord. The aforesaid skin was drying peacefully on deck for some days; but when one morning dawned, lo! and behold, it was not! This was especially hard upon the second mate, who had not only presented it to a young lady, but

be considered complete without this; it is as much part of it as the sea-sickness and quarrels. Ours was a very fine shark, and frantic excitement prevailed, people dancing up and down the deck in a



SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW

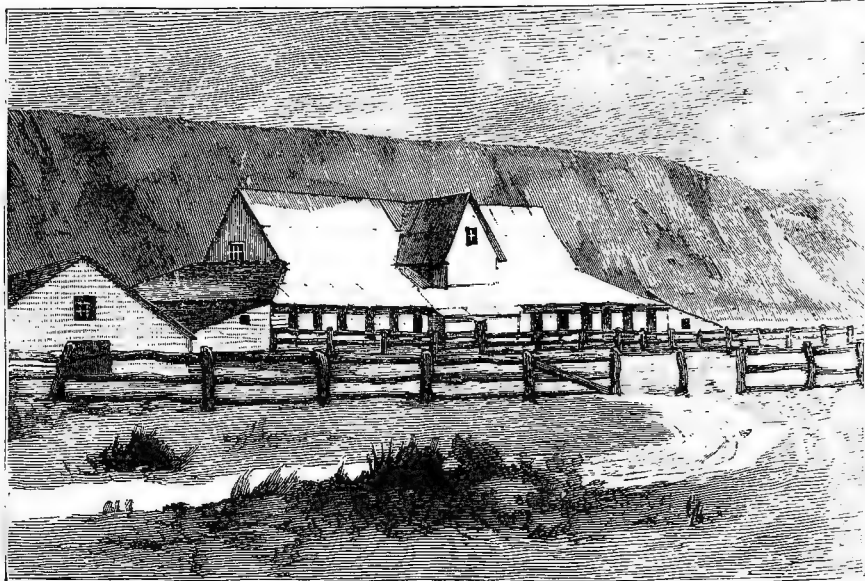
stout old woman in the steerage roused up her son in terrible haste to go for the doctor, as her daughter was dangerously ill with toothache. On the son not evincing sufficient alacrity, she shrieked

maniacal sort of way, giving utterance to wild whoops of joy. The wretched thing was hauled up the side, and every one tried to give it a prod or a bang with something. I suppose it relieved

gone to the trouble of preparing it for her; he declared his blood-thirsty intention of kicking the offender from the jib-boom to the taffrail and back again, when he caught him, and practised it



A SHEEP FARMER'S HOUSE, NEW ZEALAND



A WOOLSHED, NEW ZEALAND

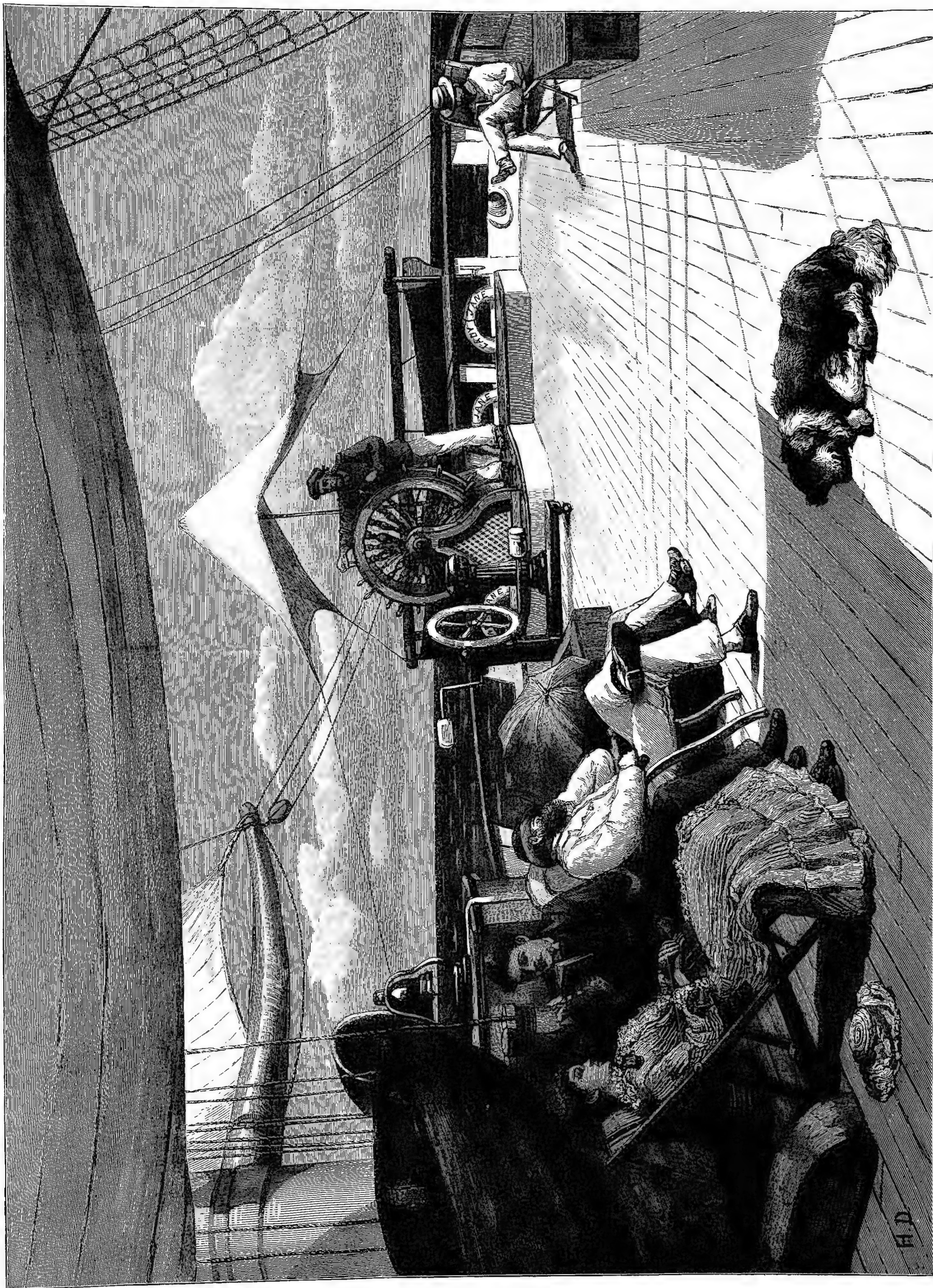
out, "Make haste and call the doctor, or she'll be better before he comes!"

People in the tropics seemed to get lazier every day; a sail was the only excitement capable of arousing them besides a row. On

their feelings; anyhow, it is better to prod and bang a shark than one's fellow-passengers. We found the Doldrums very unpleasant, as all skylights had to be closed owing to the terrific rain, which, notwithstanding, found its way through in many small Niagaras, and

boxing all one afternoon, to the great detriment of the noses of several unoffending passengers. Every one in the ship turned private detective, and started wild theories as to the perpetrators of the vile deed; after a while nearly every one was suspected, and the





AFTERNOON ON DECK

H.D.



turmoil waxed great. At last, when one of the suspected offered a reward of two pounds for the conviction of the true offender, Scraggs came forward, modestly confessed himself the culprit, and claimed the reward. As a single kick would probably have extinguished his miserable existence, the second mate dared not administer it, and raged about the deck in a state of maniacal and

lectual pursuit. The roads about the country are, to an English eye, usually very bad; a river or two to cross in the course of a drive is quite a usual occurrence, and some stations are shut off from all intercourse with their neighbours for weeks together when the rivers happen to be flooded. Most of them are snow rivers, so a hot wind, melting the snow on the mountains, will flood them in a few hours.

rapid travelling as at first one might imagine, as an express goes about twenty-five miles an hour, and about fifteen is the average pace. Many of the stations are mere platforms, about ten feet long, and an intending passenger has to stand thereon and wildly wave his umbrella, or, if at night, strike a match or two, in the hope of arresting an approaching train.



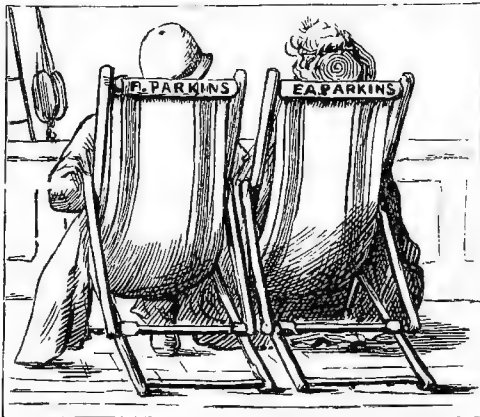
AN UP-COUNTRY CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

helpless fury. He was made to apologise publicly at breakfast the next morning, when he expressed his extreme regret that "In a moment of excitement he had thrown Miss Emily Egerton's skin overboard;" but he was such a hardened perverter of truth that no one believed he had. After this we had several more rows and one fight, but they got monotonous, like everything else.

Our Christmas was a most exceedingly merry one, but not entirely peaceful. Christmas Eve was a time of wildest debauch, most of the passengers and all the crew, including the man at the wheel, were more than half-seas over. Every one went on deck and fired off revolvers and rockets and yelled themselves hoarse. Some lively gentleman came into my cabin and tried to pull me out of bed, but I succeeded in banging his head against the wall pretty heartily, whereupon he left. It was dawn before our weary eyelids closed in sleep. Next morning it was discovered that most of the fresh meat, including the last three geese that had been saved up for Christmas, had been thrown overboard during the little amusements of the previous night. These last were, perhaps, no great loss, as all were blind, without feathers, and made up in tumour what they lacked in flesh.

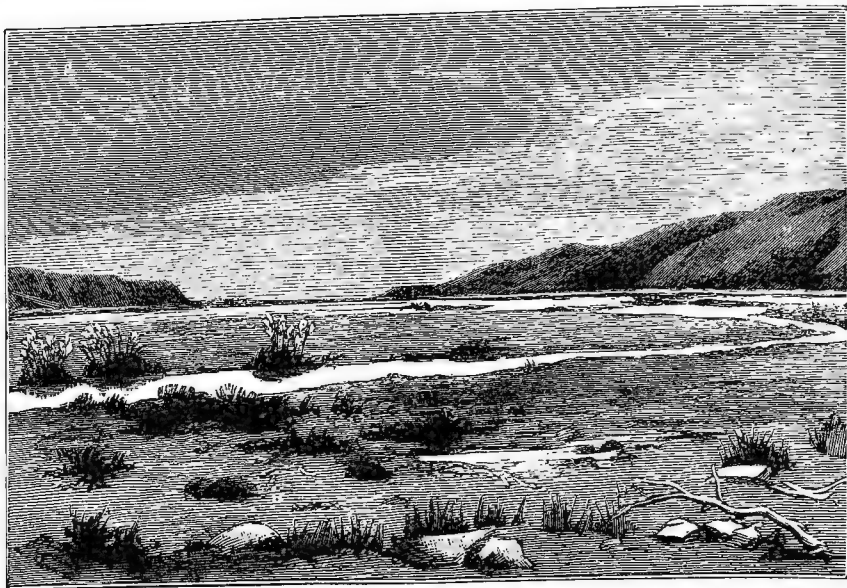
When we began to approach land, which we did soon after this, all the gorgeous shore carpets, curtains, table-cloths, &c., were brought out. This is one of the many deceptions practised on a ship to act as a decoy to intending passengers, but as soon as you are out at sea they are all stowed carefully away, and the dirtiest old patched things come into use. We were reduced at meal times to five tumblers, two cracked and chipped mugs, and some condensed milk tins; but on our arrival in port fresh tumblers were put on the table in gay profusion. The Invalids' Brigade were in a somewhat similar state to the cups and saucers—somewhat shattered; what with coughs, colds, rheumatism, and sciatica it was many weeks before they began to recover from the invigorating effects of their sea voyage.

New Zealand is quite a land of winds; when it is not blowing a Nor'-Wester, a suffocatingly-hot wind that takes all the dressing out of you, it is blowing a Sou'-Wester, with torrents of rain. Upcountry people are usually rather badly off for churches, but there



DARBY AND JOAN

was a private one where I was staying. A clergyman came on the second Sunday of the second month, and my host himself officiated on other occasions. There is a paddock attached to most churches for the reception of the horses of the worshippers, as some drive



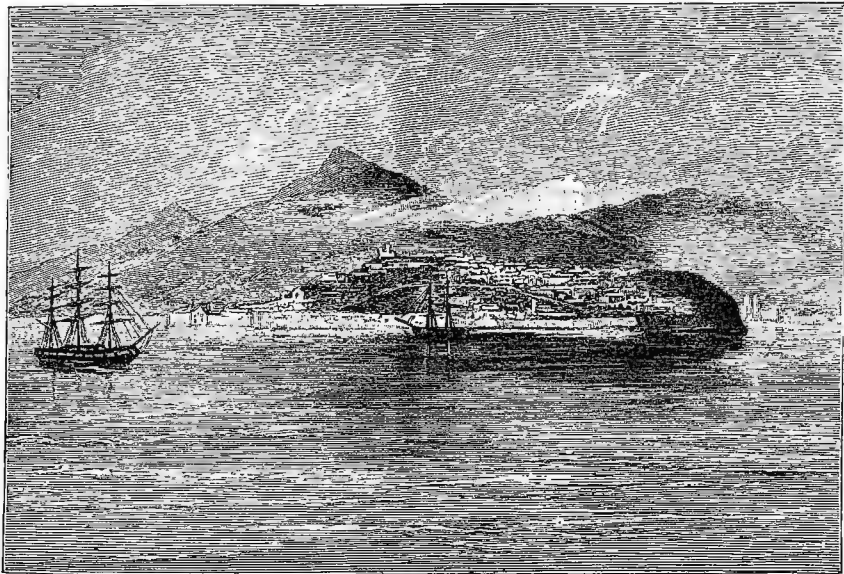
RIVER RANGITATA, NEW ZEALAND

The towns are not especially interesting, being very like ordinary English country towns, except that some are built entirely of wood, on account of earthquakes. When this is the case the buildings are very frequently made up to counterfeit stone, and one-storey houses have a large hoarding above to convey the impression of a second floor.

After five months' stay in New Zealand we once more embarked upon the stormy deep, taking warning by our previous experience of sailing vessels, and this time choosing a steamer for our voyage. We steamed out of Lyttelton one sunny afternoon amidst a feeble flapping of pocket-handkerchiefs. As usual there were many people nearly left behind, who came rushing frantically up as soon as the gangway was withdrawn. The harbour looked very lovely as we left, with its rounded gold green hills, thrown into strong light and shade by the low sun, and indented with many small bays and inlets, while here and there a cliff rose abruptly out of the sea. We had a very deserted dinner-table for the first few days, but after a while green-looking individuals began to crawl up, and, in time, wonderful to relate, they even consumed mutton-chops. When you can regard a fat mutton-chop swimming in gravy with equanimity, you may be fairly considered out of danger of sea-sickness.

I was greatly alarmed at starting by the rumour that the upper berth in my cabin was to be occupied by a clergyman from Sydney, of great soul, and still greater body, weighing a trifle over eighteen stone. I was much relieved when this clerical gentleman did not appear, as in that case the consequences would have been too awful to contemplate.

During this voyage we experienced the rare sensation of having two Sundays together. The second Sunday the ladies struck, and brought out their needlework in a most callous way, turning a deaf ear to all remonstrances from shocked individuals. I don't quite understand about those two Sundays now, but we had them anyhow. As might have been expected after such impiety on the part



RIO JANEIRO

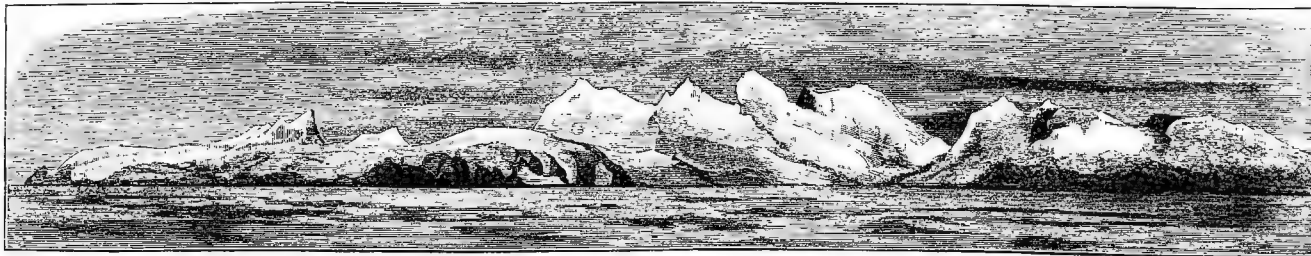
Scraggs's Crew did not come to a good end in New Zealand, indeed, it fared with them much as the bad little boy in the story-books. One member was thrown out of a second-floor window, breaking his leg in the fall, others, after expending the remnants of their money in riotous living, were reduced to the sad necessity of earning an honest penny for once in their lives by officiating as billiard-markers; whilst the redoubtable Scraggs himself, after stealing the jewellery of a barmaid, received his just reward in the shape of four months' imprisonment.

The pleasantest memories of my visit to New Zealand were of the great kindness and hospitality I met with from so many; I had heard a great deal about colonial hospitality, but was still quite unprepared for such a reception.

Perhaps the most novel of my experiences were upcountry at a station; I spent over a month at a large one in Canterbury, and found it a most pleasant life. New Zealand stations are by no means the rough sort of places that people usually imagine them; nearly every luxury of existence is to be found in the larger ones, and though the days are often spent in manual toil, the evenings are passed in every kind of intel-

ten or fifteen miles to church. Sometimes a horse breaks loose and makes much disturbance, when the men will silently arise, and go out to attend to it.

The Bush scenery is very impressive to one used to the cultivated land at home, great grey lichen-covered trees, with their sombre, green foliage, being bound together so thickly with creepers and



STATEN ISLAND, STRAIT OF LEMAIRE, SOUTH AMERICA

"supplejacks" as quite to defy entrance in parts. These supple-jacks are long pliable creepers, about as thick as your finger and strong as ropes. Sometimes cattle get caught by them, and perish of starvation.

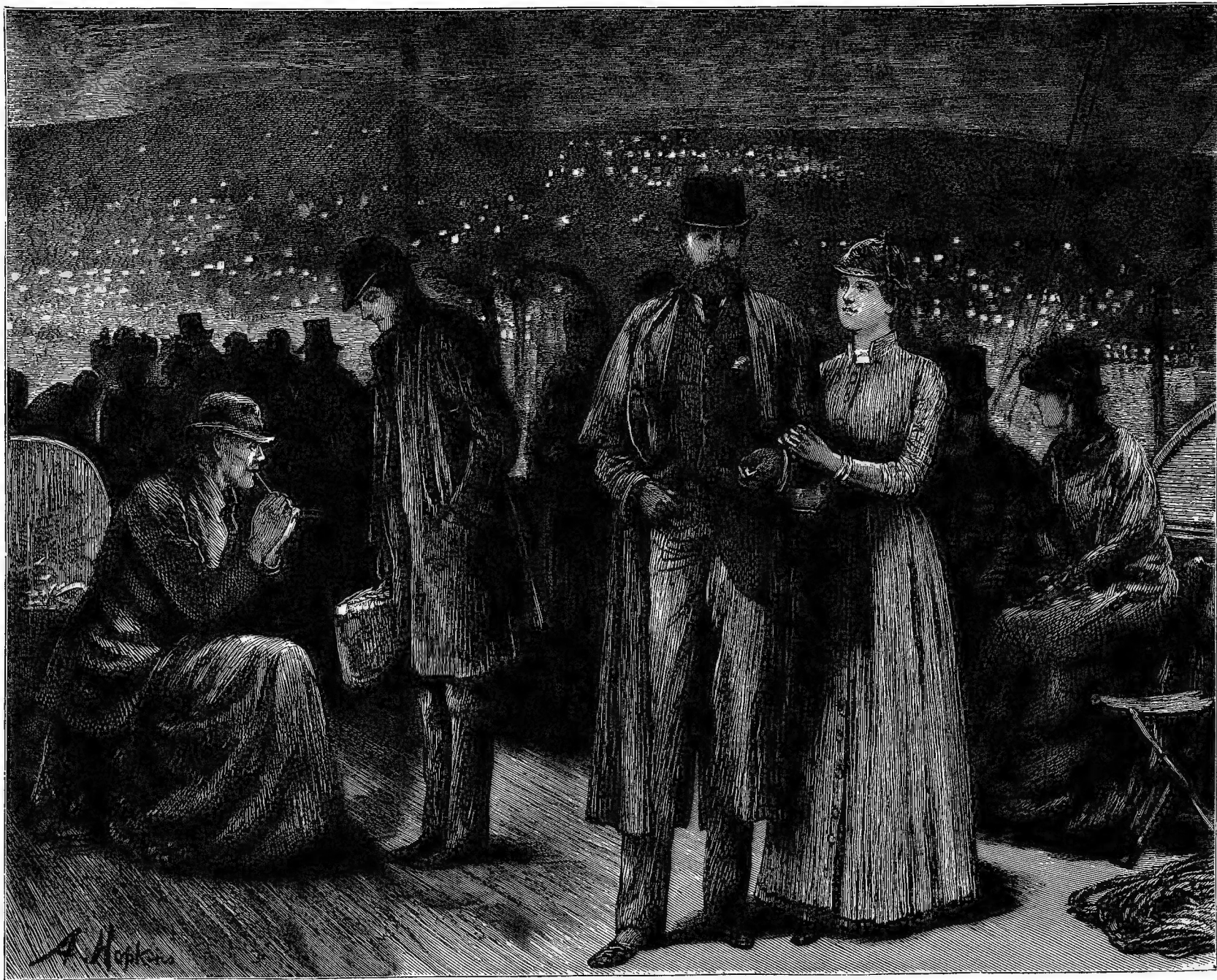
The Bush abounds with wild pigs, the descendants of those left by Captain Cook, and hunting them is the great sport of the country. There are many miles of railway, but this is not so conducive to

of the ladies, on the second Sunday we rolled into a huge wave, and took the greater part on board, half filling one of the deck cabins. In fact they took out of the bunk of one of the aforesaid ladies twelve bucketsful of water.

The first Sunday we held a service in the saloon, the captain officiating in a sonorous voice. During the last hymn, "Rock of Ages," a sudden lurch of the ship sent an old gentleman violently shooting across the saloon. He luckily brought up against a brass pillar, which he prudently embraced for the rest of the hymn, whilst he warbled "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." We used to have a good deal of music in the evenings. The same old gentleman used to elevate his nose until it pointed to the ceiling, and waile forth sentimental love-ditties in a weak tenor voice freely interlarded with falsetto. His daughter also sang in a still small voice, but was more considerate than her father—she always left out the high notes. She spared us those. The captain roared out sea-songs in a robust manner, and sometimes delivered "My Pretty Jane," by special request, in a somewhat similar style.

(Continued on page 350)





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"You're an Irish patriot, Mr. O'Rourke, ain't you? I do adore a patriot. If I was a man I should like to be a patriot myself."

## FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII. (continued)

AT last the train came to Dover, and O'Rourke having gathered up his rug and his umbrella, opened the door, and, descending first, assisted the lady to alight. He gave her his arm in the half-darkness to guide her to the boat, and he helped her down the cramped little gangway which led from the quay to the vessel's deck with a sort of respectful tenderness.

"What a lovely evening!" she said. "Oh, Mr. O'Rourke, I adore the sea. Do you adore the sea?"

She purred the question at him with an air which he felt to be almost caressing.

"I am very fond of the sea," he answered. "I have been a good deal at sea, and I never grew tired of it."

"I'm glad you adore it, too, Mr. O'Rourke," said the pretty widow, with something very like a sigh. "Come and look at the lights of the town. Look at the lights in the water. Oh, ain't they lovely?" She leaned against the bulwark, with her gloved hands clasping the edge of it, and her face turned up to O'Rourke's. "It's six years since I was here," she said. "I was going to see Paris with father and mother. Oh, I adore Paris. Don't you adore Paris?"

"I am very fond of Paris," said O'Rourke. "I was brought up there."

"Oh," said Mrs. Spry, unloosing her hold upon the bulwark to clasp her hands. "Really now? Brought up in Paris? How delightful! How heavenly! Oh, Mr. Rourke, I envy you that privilege. I do, indeed. We're off!"

"Would you like to walk a little up and down the deck?" asked O'Rourke.

"I should extremely like it if I might ask for your arm, Mr. O'Rourke." He tendered his arm, and they began to pace to and fro. "You're an Irish patriot, Mr. O'Rourke, ain't you? I do adore a patriot. If I was a man I should like to be a patriot myself. I should like to have a Cause to fight for, and preach for. Oh, I don't think there's anything finer than a patriot."

"Am I a madman?" said the patriot to himself, "or is this ten millions of dollars making love to me?" His head whirled a little at the fancy, and though there are few men of his age who can boast a greater self control than he possessed, he suffered for the moment a sensation of mental vertigo. The contemplation of a tenth part of the sum might well move a man who was at all disposed to be influenced in that way. His guesses ran here and

there. Had the woman any predilection for him owing to that speech at New York? Had she made a confidant of Maskelyne? There was scarcely anything too wild to ask himself, for the pretty widow's manner was growing more and more intimate, and she had already begun to walk with both hands resting on his arm. The expressive eyes scarcely left O'Rourke's face, and she trusted to him to pioneer her about the deck.

"Oh!" she said. "It is so noble to have a career. We poor women can't have a career, can we? We can only watch some hero from afar."

Was it chaff? Was it possible that this might be an American method of flirtation? Or was it love-making? For when Mrs. Spry talked about watching some hero there was not the slightest doubt that her hands pressed the arm they held, with emphasis enough to point the phrase.

"You take too lowly a view of women's work in the world," said O'Rourke, somewhat desperately, beginning to feel rather like a fool than otherwise whilst he kept silence under this outspoken battery. "For my own part I should be sorry to see women descending from their high place into the rough and dirty arena of our common life. It is better for us that you should keep your loftier place—the place that is yours by nature. Your higher presence draws us upward. We climb sometimes into your finer and more tranquil air. We descend again—regretfully—but needs must."

"Then what do you think is woman's true work in the world, Mr. O'Rourke?"

Such an almost hysteric desire to respond "To have a hatful of money and marry a poor man," came over Mr. O'Rourke that he had much ado not to laugh, but presently he composed himself and answered.

"The true work of woman in this world seems clear to me," He had had other questions to consider, and had never given this problem a moment, but that made little difference to him. "Picture to yourself a world, if that were possible, without women—a world composed exclusively of traders, toilers, politicians, and the like—a world without home and the sacred joys of home, a world without tenderness, or love, or ornament, a society purely utilitarian, a society one well might figure by the man in Bunyan's allegory, who rakes his dust and rubbish together without an upward glance at the sacred figure hovering over him. But in a world without women there would be no sacred figure hovering there, no dream of the sacred figure. The true office of women is

to act as exemplars to men, to soften the asperities of manners, to civilise, to purify, to elevate, to solace, to console."

Now this was not O'Rourke's ordinary method of thought, and was very far removed from his usual manner of expression, and it may be accepted as an example of the young man's perfect tact and adaptability that he supplied the American lady so quickly and so accurately with the thing she desired. The lady sighed and pressed her companion's arm in response to his eloquent statement, and her plump and graceful little figure swayed along beside him, and her big expressive eyes sought his face in the starlight.

"But that only gives us a secondary place, Mr. O'Rourke," said the widow, who had perhaps discussed this question or heard it discussed aforetime.

"A secondary place?" cried O'Rourke, gently, with an accent of almost tender reproach. "Does the adoring pilgrim at the shrine give a secondary place to the saint whose purifying influence he seeks?" They walked in silence for a pace or two. "There's plenty more where that came from," said O'Rourke to himself, with a sudden mirthful remembrance of Mr. Richard Swiveller and his encounter with Quilp.

"But you don't really *think* that, Mr. Rourke," purred the lady, nestling at his arm. "You say it to please me. You don't really *think* it."

"There is no man worthy of the name who does not think it," he returned. The lady nestled just a trifle closer.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was night in London, and a summer rain was falling. Mr. George Frost sat in a dingy apartment illuminated by a single candle, by the light of which he was scribbling unmeaning phrases on a dirty sheet of letter paper. He wrote "Sacred to the Memory of George Frost" some half-a-dozen times in as many different handwritings, drew a death's head and cross-bones and a coffin, and then wrote "Sacred to the Memory of George Frost" again. On a sudden he threw down the pen, tore the dirty sheet of writing-paper into fragments, strewed them on the dusty coals which lay ready for lighting in the grate, and rising began to pace the ragged carpet with half audible growlings.

"No grog, no tobacco, no grub, no funds. Thirty-seven pounds dropped last night. I'll never touch a card again. I wonder how often I've sworn to that. But a man's luck must change sometimes. It can't go on for ever like this. To hold king, knave, nine, and get loosed on it!"



A knock at the street door broke the thread of his growlings, but he went on pacing still, and did not hear a step which came blundering up the staircase and halted outside his door.

"Come in," he cried in startled answer to a rapping on the panel, and a slatternly servant girl pushed her head round the edge of the door.

"Here's somebody for you, Mr. Frost."

"Who is it?"

"A gentleman with a portmanteau," said the girl. "He didn't give no name. Said I was to say he wanted to see Mr. Frost."

"I'll come down and have a look at him," returned Mr. Frost, taking up his candle. The girl descended the stairs and the lodger followed her. Four separate flights of dirty wooden stairs, uncarpeted, brought him to the hall which, like the stairway, was unlighted, except for the feeble gleams of Mr. Frost's candle. The girl clattered down another flight of stairs which led into the regions underground, and Frost, holding his candle high, advanced towards the shadowy figure of his guest. "Great Caesar's ghost! It's you," he said, with an odd laugh. "Come upstairs."

The guest, seizing the portmanteau, mounted after him, and the dingy apartment at the top of the house being reached, the tenant of the chamber set down his light, and, after rummaging in a drawer, found another candle, and illuminating it by the first, set it in a battered brass bracket which hung upon the wall.

"Is this the palace you continually live in?" asked the guest, with the faintest possible trace of some foreign accent in his voice. "I had expected from your last letter to have found you in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at your side."

"Well, I'm here," returned Mr. Frost; "and that," producing a halfpenny from his pocket and throwing it on the table, "is the last of the Mohicans."

"That is unfortunate," said the guest. "It is lucky that it is not winter, and that you have not your brother Jack with you."

"My brother Jack?" said the other, pocketing his coin again.

"Your brother Jack," the guest repeated. "Isn't that the name you give him? The cold gentleman, who pinches your nose, your toes, your finger-tips in the winter time."

To this harmless pleasantry Mr. Frost gave no answer beyond a growl.

"We shall have all the houses closed in half an hour," he said. "They close at twelve on Sundays. Lend me a dollar or two, and let me send out for something to eat and drink." The guest produced a sovereign and laid it on the table. "Wait a bit," said Mr. Frost, taking up the coin. "I'm ravenous. I've eaten nothing to-day."

He left the room and ran noisily downstairs, where by and by he was heard shouting "Mary." He came back rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction.

"And where have you sprung from?" he asked.

"From Janenne, in the Belgian Ardennes," returned the other, drawing a cigar from a case and lighting it at one of the candles. Frost stretched out a hand.

"I haven't had a smoke to-day," he said. "I'd rather go without a dinner than without tobacco."

"Oho! you have been at it again, I suppose," said his companion, making a movement in imitation of the dealing of a pack of cards. "Isn't it time you dropped that? Haven't you lost enough by this time? What should you have done if I had not turned up?"

"I don't know," Frost answered carelessly enough, pulling hungrily at his cigar. "I guess I should have lighted on something or other somehow. But I was thinking at the very minute when I heard your knock at the door, and saying to myself, 'I'll drop it.' To tell you the solid truth, Zeno—"

"Tell me as much of the solid truth as your constitution will allow, but do not call me by that name."

"One name's as good as another to me," said Frost indifferently. "Will Smith do?"

"Vroblewskoff will do better," returned Mr. Zeno. Frost put his hand to his chin with a grimace. "Ah!" said Mr. Zeno smiling; "it's a jawbreaker at first for an Englishman, but it's very easy when you come to know it. Vroblewskoff. The accent on the third syllable. Vroblewskoff. Try it. I am going very probably to be a very old and valued friend of yours, and it will be well to be familiar with my name. Try it."

"You'd best write it down," said Frost. "I'll practise it with you for language master. What is it? Russian?"

"No. Polish. Is there anybody above us?" Frost shook his head. "Here or there?" Mr. Zeno asked, indicating the sides of the apartment. Frost shook his head anew. "Who is below?"

"The landlord's bedroom is below. He is a commercial traveller, and out of town. You can say what you've got to say quite safely here."

"Well," said Mr. Zeno, seating himself, and pulling smilingly at his cigar, "I am a Pole, and I am insured by a savage hatred of the Russian rule. I have been bred in New York since my youth up, but I still speak my native language."

"That cock won't fight," said Frost, lounging at the mantelpiece. "You weren't bred in New York. Oh! no."

"Why not?"

"Haven't got the accent. You've got the English brogue all over. Times I should almost take you for a Cockney."

"Well," said Mr. Zeno, smiling still, "this is the advantage of talking over things. I have lived in New York a year or two. You knew me there. You meet me here. You know me to be a safe man—a man to be depended upon. You introduce me to Dobroski—Well, at what are you staring?"

"I will see you boiled in oil," returned Mr. Frost, with extreme slowness, "I will see you roasted on a gridiron, I will see you cut up so extremely fine that a microscope won't find you, and then I won't!"

"And then you won't—what?"

"And then I won't introduce you to Dobroski."

"But, my biting Frost, why not?"

"What sort of an ass do you take me for?" inquired Frost. "And out of what particular asylum have you recently escaped? Hold your tongue a minute. Here's the girl."

Noisy footsteps came blundering up the stairs, and in a moment the slatternly maid entered, and placed upon the table two bottles, a loaf, a quantity of ham wrapped in a piece of newspaper, a packet of tobacco, and a handful of loose change.

"Take anything?" asked Frost, waving his hand at the table. Mr. Zeno declined, with a smile and hands outstretched. "I will," said the other. "Plate, mustard, knife and fork, two tumblers, hot water, and sugar, and the corkscrew."

The girl blundered downstairs, and blundered up again with the things the lodger had demanded, and the two, pending the completion of these arrangements, kept silence. When she had gone, Frost locked the door behind her.

"Now," said Zeno, "why won't you introduce me to Dobroski?" Frost rose, uncorked a bottle, poured out a glass of pale ale, and ate and drank for several minutes in solemn silence; and his visitor, placidly smoking and smiling, from time to time glanced at him.

By and bye Zeno got up from his seat, and, kneeling on the floor, unstrapped his portmanteau, and took therefrom a razor-case, a small metal soap-bowl, and a brand new shaving-brush. Frost watched him in silence still, and went on eating.

"This will move, I think," said Mr. Zeno, rising and taking the little bracket from the wall. "Can we make it stand here? Yes; so. We can make it stand here," He balanced it, with the aid of

a match-box and one or two other trifles, on the chimney-piece on one side of a cracked and dusty mirror. "And now, my good Frost, can you spare me that other candle for the other side? Thank you. Will you forgive me if I make a little toilette whilst you eat? Thank you. Here is hot water all ready. That is very good. A little bit of old newspaper. That is also very good."

He took off his coat, and threw it across the back of a chair, then, stooping anew to his portmanteau, produced a pair of scissors, and taking a great handful of his beard sliced it off before the glass, and laid it carefully on the piece of newspaper, which he had already spread out upon the mantel-piece, then another, and another, and another, until he was close cropped all over cheeks and throat and chin. Next he attacked the moustache, and cropped that also as close as the scissors would go to the skin. Frost went on steadily eating and drinking without looking at his companion; and Zeno, putting a little hot water into the metal bowl, began to lather himself with great energy, and then to shave. Even to himself the metamorphosis he produced must have seemed more than a little droll. Under the razor he came out no longer Greek and austere in contour, but chubby, with fat round cheeks, and a chin very curiously thrust forward and pointed, and beneath the lower lip and the base of the chin there was a good half inch in length less than one would have expected to find. The change was already amazing; and when Mr. Zeno drew a spectacle-case from a waistcoat pocket, set the glasses on his nose, and, removing a wig, appeared with half an inch of sandy natural hair below it and a forehead an inch higher than it had been, the disguise looked impenetrable. He took a handkerchief from his coat pocket, rubbed a corner of it on the soap in his shaving-bowl, poured a little hot water over it from the jug, and applied it vigorously to his lips. The corner of the handkerchief went crimson, and Mr. Zeno's cherry lips grew pallid and dry. He soaped and moistened another corner of the handkerchief, and scrubbed at his eyebrows. The handkerchief became black, and the eyebrows sandy, like the hair. Then he resumed his coat, set the two candles upon the table, drew a chair between them, and sat down.

Frost ostentatiously disregarding him went on with his meal.

"Now," said Zeno, pushing the candles a little forward, so that their light might fall more fully on his face, "Now will you introduce me to Dobroski?"

Frost looked up at him with a face expressive of profound disdain. This changed with ludicrous swiftness, and he started so that he narrowly escaped a fall.

"Caesar's ghost!" he said, glaring at the other with his mouth open. He glanced right and left involuntarily, as if searching for the man he had lost, and then stared back at his companion. "Caesar's ghost!" he said, a second time.

"Do you think you may safely introduce me to Dobroski now?" demanded Zeno with a smile of boastful self-complacency.

"Who in thunder air you?" Frost demanded. "How's it done? There ain't a feature." He stared hard at Zeno, losing for once his own shrinking gaze.

"Would you like to see it go a little further?" asked Zeno, laughing. He slipped his hand to his mouth, Frost heard a slight clicking sound, and there was his companion grinning at him with a horrible gap-toothed laugh, which startled him so by the new change it brought about in the already transformed countenance that he rose from his seat and recoiled a pace or two. Zeno laughed triumphantly and noisily. "And now," he said, when his laugh was over, "will you introduce me to Dobroski?" His voice had undergone a great change, and hissed and whistled through the gaps in his teeth like that of an old man.

Frost stared at him still, as if he were fascinated.

"This gets me down," he said. "This gets me down and kicks me while I'm down. Wait a bit," he said, somewhat recovering from his surprise, "I'll show you something." He pulled open a small drawer, and taking from it a photograph of considerable size, threw it on the table. Zeno took it, and after the merest glance stared up at Frost with an expression of amazement almost as complete as Frost himself had worn a few moments earlier. The photograph was an enlarged copy of that pistolgraph which Angela had found amongst the stereoscopic views in the little exhibition at Janenne.

"How did you come by this?" he asked, recovering himself.

"Dobroski gave it me. I was going to show it to you to warn you off. There isn't a man in the Brotherhood here that hasn't seen it and studied it. There isn't one of any note amongst them that hasn't got a copy of it."

"Dobroski gave it you?" said Zeno, in a new amazement. "My good Frost, you and I are playing against the Devil. I have been as cunning as a serpent. I have had down there at Janenne a bungling spy who did not know me, who was set to watch Dobroski, such a bungler that he was certain to find him out, and did find him out, and I had him there to draw attention from myself. I talked with Dobroski sometimes, a bit of broken English, a bit of broken French. I fooled him completely to my own idiotic self-satisfaction, and he knew me all the time. Oh, I tell you he is a master. Never a sign. A sign? Not the least, least, little, little sign for weeks, and he knew me all the time. A master."

He had risen whilst speaking thus, and had taken to pacing up and down the room. Suddenly, he stopped short before Frost, and touching him lightly on the breast with a forefinger, he said,

"I see it all now. He mocked me and laughed at me. There was an Englishman there—a fool—a writer of romances. There were other Englishmen there, and the fool used to tell them that he had a theory about me. I spoke no English and understood no English, and the fool was very free in the expression of his views. He used to say that I was there to watch Dobroski. He used to say that my eyes were too near together for his taste, and that I had a listening, watching, hangdog way with me. He said that he had told Dobroski himself his suspicions, and that the old man had laughed at him. And I was such an ass, I never guessed that Dobroski had put him up to that, and that they were laughing at me together."

"You never guessed?" said Frost.

"I guessed," answered Zeno, "but I laughed at my own guesses. *Sacré nom d'un chien!* Guessed? I used to meet the old man and talk to him. I used to watch him like a lynx, and he never, I swear it to you, never once gave a sign. And he knew me, and he mocked me all the time. Well, he is a master. I shall respect him for this, but I shall pay him for it. Sooner or later I shall pay him for it. But what a calm! What a *sang froid!* What a disdain of danger! What a mask of a face! Oh, but he's the master of us all." He was enthusiastic over all this and gesticulated and exclaimed about it with great energy, though with a carefully moderated voice. "I shall win," he said with a sudden and total change of manner. "I mean to win!"

"You mean to face him again?" asked Frost.

"Face him?" said Zeno, with something very like a snarl.

"Face him? Yes." With sudden quiet, "I mean to face him, and I mean to win."

"It's a dangerous game," Frost declared. "He hasn't been here a fortnight, and the Brotherhood swear by him. He's got a plan for smashing everything. He's going to burst the solar system and set up an abode of universal bliss among the ruins, and they're all agog about it. Swear they never saw anything half so sweet and dainty."

"Well," said Mr. Zeno, "I can be as enthusiastic as any of them, and as real as one or two. He trusts you?"

"Yes. He trusts me. But I don't like it. If he should spot

you, and I introduce you, perhaps the Brotherhood might make it just as warm for me as they would for you. I'm very fond of you, as you know, sir, but on the whole I prefer myself. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll find somebody absolutely safe, who'll swear to your good faith, I'll swear to his. I can get him in, and then he can get you in. Then if you're discovered I shall be very sorry for you, but I shall have minimised my own risk anyhow."

"Caution is a good thing in its way, but courage is a better. I am not afraid. What are the chances of his knowing me, do you think? A million to one? Am I changed enough?"

"You've got my terms already," returned Frost. "I'll introduce a safe man, who can bring you in afterwards—any safe man of your own choosing, who likes to take responsibility for you."

The spy made no immediate response, but moved about the mantelshelf gathering together the razor, the shaving brush, the bowl, and the wig, all of which he carefully packed away in his portmanteau. Next he folded up into a careful parcel all the signs of the recent changes he had made, and set it on the top of the unlighted coal.

"It strikes chilly to-night," he said then. "It is cold enough for a fire. Shall I set light to this, and burn up a little hair?"

"If you like," returned Frost, and Zeno, striking a match, lit the paper at the bottom of the grate, and in a minute or two the wood was crackling merrily, and the newspaper parcel at the top of the coals caught the blaze, when the smoke drove back into the room, filling it with the keen acrid odour of burning hair. "Pah!" said Frost, "it smells like a branding day at a cattle ranch," and puffing vigorously against the smoke and the evil odour, he turned to one of the windows and threw it wide open.

At that instant there came a loud knocking at the front door, and Frost, putting his head out of window, peered downwards.

"Who's there?" he cried. "The house is all abed."

"It is I, Mr. Frost," said a quiet voice below. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

Mr. Frost drew in his head so suddenly and so incautiously that he struck it resoundingly upon the wood-work of the window, and then the spy and the traitor faced each other. The same word was on the lips of each, and dropped in a mere whisper.

"Dobroski!"

"Bring him here," said the spy. "We can tell between us if he knows me. A little courage. Take the bull by the horns. We can save all if there is anything to save—do all if there is anything to be done. Go."

With all this breathed in one rapid whisper in Frost's ear, he pushed him from the room. Whilst he blunderingly descended Zeno advanced stealthily like a cat, and restored the window and the blind to their old position.

"Do I wear anything he could know?" he asked himself. He released with rapid fingers a single button of his waistcoat, slid the bar of his watch-chain through the button-hole, and transferred watch and chain to his coat pocket. Then he stripped his fingers of the rings he wore and put them in his purse, and as he did so he heard the jar with which the front door opened. His breath came hard and fast, and his fat cheeks were blanched, but he took up the stump of the cigar he had laid down when he had begun to shave, and having lit it at one of the candles, seated himself in a battered arm-chair near the fire.

"Are you alone, sir?" asked Dobroski, when Frost had opened the door. "Can I speak with you?"

"I am not alone, Mr. Dobroski," answered Frost. "I have a friend with me. Will you come in? He would like to meet you, sir. He is a countryman of yours."

"I will come in for a moment," said Dobroski. He entered from the rain, which was driving down rapidly, and as Frost closed the door he said in tranquil and ordinary tones, "Mr. Zeno is here. He arrived in London this evening."

(To be continued.)



THERE is much that is valuable in "Our South African Empire," by William Greswell, M.A. (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). The book aims at being a complete history of the British and Dutch connection with South Africa from the earliest times to the present day. The facts are, of course, already well known; and Mr. Greswell does not claim to have added anything fresh to our knowledge. But the book is valuable chiefly for the clearness of the narrative and the consistent views of policy which the author advocates. He is a staunch upholder of British supremacy, and a hearty admirer of the late Sir Bartle Frere. To him Sir Bartle Frere is the most heroic figure in South African affairs, and British policy in those colonies will succeed or fail, he declares, just in proportion to the closeness with which it follows the ideas of the late administrator. Of the Boers Mr. Greswell thinks but little, though he is careful to discriminate between the civilised Dutch of Cape Colony, whose feelings towards the English are almost entirely friendly, and the roving citizens of the Free Republics further north; men whose ideas are disowned by the respectable Dutch. The chapter on Imperial Federation discusses the great question with clearness and sobriety; and there is much of interest in the chapters on "Education at the Cape" and "Some Social Bots in Cape Life." Altogether, Mr. Greswell's volumes may be read with profit; and if they are less judicial than a history should properly be they will be found none the less entertaining on that account.

"Souvenirs of Some Continents" (Macmillan and Co.), is the title Mr. Archibald Forbes has chosen for his new book, which consists chiefly of stray papers contributed at various times to the magazines and reviews. The papers are well worth reprinting, and the book contains a series of most interesting pictures. "Wolsley: a Character Sketch," and the paper on Skobelev, show Mr. Forbes's better manner. "How I Became a War Correspondent" tells of the curious chances which led Mr. Forbes to adopt the profession in which he has so greatly distinguished himself. "Where Was Villiers?" narrates some adventures in which our special artist played a prominent part. Other papers deal with Australia and Afghanistan. If any one wants a book full of dramatic fire and adventure, a book describing worthily some of the most important events in modern history, and revealing the bitterness of modern warfare, they can find nothing better than Mr. Forbes's romantic volume.

In spite of ridicule and attacks from every side, the theosophists continue to spread their new-old creed. "The Purpose of Theosophy," by Mrs. A. P. Sinnett (Chapman and Hall), is the latest addition to the now large theosophical literature. It is an introductory handbook to the whole subject; a primer which may be studied as an introduction to Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," or Colonel Olcott's "Religion, Theosophy, and Occult Science." Mrs. Sinnett writes clearly; and if she fails to throw any new light upon the existence of the mysterious Mahatmas, from whom the new ideas are flowing, that is, we suppose, merely on account of the extraordinary difficulty of getting the Western sceptical mind to believe in what, to the theosophist, is a simple article of



faith. Mrs. Sinnett's little book is well worth the attention of all students of the now fashionable "occultism."

In "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin" Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell has had one of the most interesting subjects of the whole "Eminent Women" Series (W. H. Allen and Co.). The perusal of the book will, we think, be disappointing to most readers. Mary Godwin was so extraordinary a woman that to treat successfully and sympathetically so unique a career requires great gifts in a biographer—gifts, whether of insight or style, which Mrs. Pennell does not seem to possess. The book is, indeed, interesting. A life of Mary Godwin must necessarily be interesting however poorly put together. But Mrs. Pennell's book is well arranged, compact, and complete. It is on the higher side that she fails to do justice to her subject. Her book has little of the fire and insight of Miss Robinson's "Emily Brontë," little of the penetration and knowledge of Miss Blind's "George Eliot."

"The Tory Policy of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G." (Blackwood and Sons) is an instructive volume by Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, a gentleman with some reputation as a writer on Irish topics. His book is mainly a compilation; but, being executed with discrimination, it succeeds in its object of focussing into a compact form the views of the Prime Minister upon all the chief topics of the day. A conscientious politician eager to use his vote aright at the coming General Election might well be advised to study Mr. Bagenal's volume, and then to read one of the popular books on Mr. Gladstone, giving his vote to the man who appears to him to have ideas most likely to benefit his country. Few, we fear, are so candid in their political studies; but, whatever a man's politics may be, a study of Lord Salisbury's speeches, as arranged by Mr. Bagenal, cannot fail to be instructive. Differing in his manner from all other living speakers, Lord Salisbury is scarcely inferior to the greatest; and if Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright take the first places as public orators, Lord Salisbury, by his fine delivery, the weightiness of his matter, and the literary ability of his speeches certainly ranks among the highest in the second-class.

"John Ruskin" and "Walt Whitman" are the latest additions to the useful and unpretentious "Round Table" Series (Edinburgh: William Brown). Both sketches are well done; that of Ruskin better, perhaps, than that of Walt Whitman. The latter writer can hardly be successfully estimated in the present age. He is emphatically one of those who must create the taste by which he is enjoyed; and the creation of the taste has gone on hitherto at a surprisingly slow rate. As careful summaries of the work and ideas of two great thinkers these little books are quite satisfactory.

"Thackeray's London," by William H. Rideing (J. W. Jarvis and Son, 28, King William Street, W.C.), is not so well done as its subject deserves; but is a pleasant book as far as it goes. There are some apt remarks on the difference between Dickens's London and Thackeray's London; and the author has diligently followed his hero to all the places mentioned in his novels. One thing clearly shown is the great change that has come over London since Thackeray's death: a change not merely in externals, but in ways of life. Mr. Rideing might well have been more precise in describing his localities; and he is addicted to conventionalities of style which are a little annoying.

"The Story of a Short Life," a pathetic story by the late Juliana Horatia Ewing, is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is well illustrated by Gordon Browne.

Among the recent additions to "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge) are "Burlesque Plays and Poems," Dante's "Divine Comedy" (Longfellow's Translation), and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

Mr. Elliot Stock has issued a cheap edition of "Obliter Dicta." The book is well printed, and has a wide margin. Many will be glad to have these clever essays.

Several new Art publications are before us. "Practical Instructions for Copying a Series of Flower Studies," by Kate Sadler (Winsor and Newton), gives plain directions for the treatment of different flowers. Part LII. of "English Etchings" (Sampson Low and Co.) contains three etchings: of "Change Alley," "Fishing Boats in the Bay of Biscay," and "An Old House at Marchington." All are fair specimens of their kind. "Studies of Twelve British Birds from Nature," by Alice L. West (Winsor and Newton), are executed with considerable skill in chromolithography. It need scarcely be pointed out that a little direct observation of Nature is a hundred times as instructive as the copying of these plates, useful as they may occasionally be.



MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—Two pleasing songs for the home circle are: "Blue-Eyed Beauty," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Seymour Smith, published in three keys, and "Coming Home," the words from *Chambers' Journal*, music by Whewall Bowling. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the very laughable and witty poem "Sally Salter, or the Foreigner's Difficulties with the English Language;" it has been set to appropriate music by Henry Mander, and will prove a taking encore song for the autumn musical reading season.—J. C. Beazley has arranged with simplicity and taste combined the "Andante," from Diabelli's duet in D, for violin and pianoforte.—"The Mahdi's March," for the pianoforte or organ, by Edward Lear, is scarcely worthy of a "double second-class in theory of music."—"The Japanese Gavotte" by Jakabowski, and "Tender Glances Waltz" by Edward Talbot, are fairly good specimens of their class.

E. DONAJOWSKI.—Much depends upon the early studies of the pianiste, more especially as regards the elementary positions of the body and hands. "Dr. Sawyer's Technical Exercises for the Pianoforte," which contain "Exercises on Touch, Scales Major and Minor (in both forms), Arpeggios, Octaves, and Embellishments," are specially intended for the use of students preparing for the Royal Academy and Trinity College Examinations, and to them will prove of no small value; the practice of scales in their various forms is too often put aside by amateurs who are not under the care of a strict disciplinarian: to these careless students we can commend this work as less irksome than most specimens of its kind.—"Alla Marcia in C" for the organ, composed by D. R. Munro, may be recommended to the student on account of its brevity and simplicity.—"Marcella Gavotte," for the pianoforte by Charles Harris, is of a commonplace character, but tuneful withal.—"Dans Les Champs," by A. T. M'Evoy, is a very graceful and danceable waltz.

MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND PAGE.—Following so closely upon M. Ch. Gounod's very beautiful and popular song, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," we have a setting by this gifted composer of "Glory to Thee, My God, This Night" (an evensong), by Bishop Ken, which is a worthy companion to its predecessor, and will be as popular, if not more so. It is published in four keys, as well as for a duet, anthem, organ, and various instrumental forms.—Replete with pathos is a song, "Constant Still," written and composed by Rosa Carlyle and Leigh Kingsmill; published in C, D, and F minor. We may be sure that this song will be one of the reigning favourites of the season to come. An orchestral accompaniment, with a cornet solo, has been recently published for this charming song.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A genuine soprano will find "Faithful Hearts," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Albert Lowe, worthy of her attention, and may make it her own; both words and music are very satisfactory.—No. 46 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" contains "Four Short Voluntaries for the Organ," by Kate Westrop, Organist of "St. Edmund the King and Martyr," a lady who not only knows how to play this instrument with more than ordinary skill, but is also a very good composer. These four Voluntaries will prove welcome to organists, amateur and professional, as much on account of their musical merit as of their brevity.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very useful technical work is "The Organ: Its Compass, Tablature, and Short and Incomplete Octaves," by John W. Warman, A.C.O. The present work constitutes the first written of a series of departments which are designed to form collectively a comprehensive treatise on the construction, &c., of the organ, well worthy the attention of all intelligent executants and students (William Reeves).—"The Musical Artists' Directory, 1885-6," will be invaluable to concert givers and others connected with the musical profession. Arranged in a tabular form will be found the names of places, musical societies, &c., public halls, newspapers, printers, bill-posters, hotel keepers, and a quantity of useful information (Frederick Pitman).

## MOUNTAINEERING

SOME time ago I was present at a banquet of French Alpine Clubmen, at Marseilles, when one of the speakers ironically remarked that "The English were the only true mountaineers, and as the Almighty had favoured the English in so many things, He probably had made the mountains for their especial use." This, of course, was meant "sarkastik," as poor Artemus Ward would have said; but, nevertheless, it must in common fairness be admitted that the English have done much towards popularising mountain climbing as a pastime, and of even elevating it into what Professor Tyndall would call "a scientific recreation." Englishmen were certainly in the van in the early assaults that were made on the peaks of Switzerland, the Tyrol Dauphiné, and the giants of Ecuador, and they have as certainly been the pioneers in the Caucasus, New Zealand, and the Himalayas. There is something in climbing mountains which seems to be peculiarly suited to the Anglo-Saxon constitution. It brings out in a marked manner all those qualities which are, or are supposed to be, the heritage of the race. At any rate, it would be difficult indeed to find amongst other nationalities the rivals of many of our first-class amateurs in the "art of mountaineering." It must not be forgotten, of course, that Jacques Balmat led the way to the summit of Mont Blanc, and that the Vordererthal goatherd, Placidus a Spescha, who subsequently became monk, author, and scientist, was the first to explore the formidable Todi group; nor that Italy was within an ace of being able to claim the honour for her countrymen of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. But, these facts notwithstanding, there is little doubt that the Britisher excels in mountaineering as he generally excels in most other athletic sport.

If one talks nowadays with men of the old school of climbers, they will tell you with many pooh-poohs that things are very different now to what they were in *their* day, that then men didn't presume to be mountaineers until they had served an apprenticeship to the art. There is, of course, some truth in this, for not a few of those who now attempt to climb are far from fitted by previous practice for the tasks they essay, and the consequence is that, even if they escape with whole skins, they damage their constitutions, often in a serious manner. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the would-be climber that success is not gained by brute force, but by steadiness of purpose, combined with intelligently-directed skill. If mountaineering has its glories it also has its perils, and these perils are only to be guarded against by learning how to avoid them. A man does not attempt to ride in a steeplechase until he has first qualified by acquiring the art of riding; nor does he enter into a competition at a swimming or rowing-match without previous training. How can any one, therefore, expect to mount to the summit of snow-clad peaks before he has mastered the rudimentary knowledge of the art of walking on snow and ice, or of going up rocks without any better hold, it may be, than that afforded by uncertain ledges and doubtful cracks? If any one will take the trouble to search the records of the lives that have been lost in Alpine regions, he will find that the most fruitful source of accidents on mountains has been incompetency and bad weather. Foolhardiness and incompetency frequently go together, though recently some notable examples of foolhardiness allied to long experience have occurred; and but a few days ago a valuable life was sacrificed in the Dauphiné Alps by an act of rashness which need not be pardoned on any grounds.

Professor Zsigmondy, who had gained eminence as a mountaineer, in company with his brother and a friend, attempted the Meige, in the Dauphiné, by an impracticable route, and without guides. The little party reached a precipice, which is described as being absolutely perpendicular; and even more than that, for the rocks bulged outward. Yet the Professor endeavoured to mount this precipice, and actually succeeded in attaining a height of about a hundred feet, when, finding further progress upward impossible, he attempted to descend. Then comes the old, pitiable story; the climber lost his footing, shot down, and would have dragged his brother with him, had the rope not broken; he then bounded over a hideous cliff, and a few moments afterwards was lying a mangled mass two thousand feet below. Now, in all human probability, if guides had been with this party, the accident would never have happened; firstly, because any good guide would have seen that the route was impracticable, and refused it; and secondly, because not one guide in a thousand ever loses his footing. A few years ago the brothers Pilkington ascended this very mountain without guides. They succeeded in their self-imposed task, but only after incurring imminent risks. In their descent they lost their way, and found it again by the merest chance. This naturally suggests the oft-discussed question as to whether amateurs may not be as good as guides. But I would humbly venture on the opinion that a guide who is not superior as a mere climber to the very best amateur is unworthy of the name. Guides, as a rule, are born amongst the mountains, and so acquire a steadiness and a sureness of foot that only practice from an early age can give. Moreover, guides seem to possess a knowledge of routes by intuition, or to discover them by some subtle instinct which is never possessed by those who only make brief periodical visits to high regions. It seems, therefore, to be folly, which cannot be too strongly condemned, for amateurs, however good they may be, to attempt dangerous and difficult mountains without guides.

It is a pity, considering the enjoyment to be got out of mountaineering, to say nothing of its tendency to promote health and robustness, that the pastime should be saddened by so many fatalities, and in considering this one is led to ask, Can nothing be done to lessen the casualties which every year go to swell the long list of those who have fallen victims to the mountains? The answer clearly is Yes, if men will only condescend to learn how to climb, as they would learn any other art or profession, and that having learnt it, they will not then attempt to set Nature at defiance, to ignore weather, and to do that which common sense will unmistakably tell them it is impossible to do. Then, and no till then, will casualties be reduced to a minimum.

Another complaint amongst the old climbing fraternity is that at the present day there are no longer any peaks worth doing. By that is meant there are no more, or very few, "first ascents" to be made. It is true that the honour of being the first to reach the summit of some great peak is a wonderful incentive, and gives a zest such as nothing else can to a climb; but after all this honour can only necessarily be won by a few, and the many may still congratulate themselves that the giant mountains of Switzerland, Tyrol, Dauphiné, are still as solemn and impressive as they were ages ago when they inspired our ancestors with awe-stricken and superstitious reverence. Nothing can vulgarise them, nothing rob them of their grandeur and their solitude. The Jungfrau is to-day exactly as it was before human foot had trodden its immaculate snows; the mighty Matterhorn shows no change since that time, so near and yet so far off, when Whymper conquered it, and saw his companions go to their death as victims to the sullen monster. Monte Rosa, beloved of ladies; the storm-beaten Schreckhorn; the mighty Finsteraarhorn; the treacherous Wetterhorn; the deadly Lyskamm; the awful Dent Blanche; and the solemn Piz Bernina present now precisely the same difficulties and risks as those incurred by the pioneers who first broke the magic charm and penetrated into their solitudes. Even grand old Mont Blanc offers wonders and excitement to him who has not grown blasé with mountaineering. For the men who sigh, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer, there is yet great scope for their energies and magnificent fields for their skill, to mention only the Caucasus, New Zealand, the Himalayas, Ecuador, and Greenland, notwithstanding Mr. Whymper's truly marvellous exploits in the two last-named regions. Even Java and Sumatra, to say nothing of New Guinea, offer strong inducements for the venturesome mountaineer who is in search of novelty and excitement, and is moved by a spirit of exploration. Moreover, in Java and Sumatra climbing and hunting might be combined, for the big game includes tigers, leopards, and gigantic boa constrictors.

It is obvious, however, that these distant countries can only be visited by the few who have plenty of money at command and unlimited time at their disposal. And so the majority of the new generation of mountaineers will have to be contented with hackneyed Switzerland, Tyrol, Dauphiné, and Alpes Maritimes, where there is plenty of first-rate crag-work to be done; but they may rest assured that if they will only dismiss from their minds the idea of the "Old Soldier," that everything has gone to the dogs, they will still find in these European playgrounds, not only plenty of peaks as yet untrodden by the foot of man, but some of the grandest mountain forms and some of the most beautiful glaciers the world can show. Those who aspire, therefore, to become mountaineers need not despair because a few old fogies cry aloud that there is now "nothing worth doing." Let them but serve a proper apprenticeship to the work, and they may yet enrol their names on the list of those who have won their spurs in the mountain world.

J. E. M.

## WET WEATHER IN FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSES

WE must live in France among French people to realise their modes of life and habits of thought, and, above all things, we must abide with them in wet weather as well as fine.

French people, it must be announced beforehand, have a very much stronger aversion to rain than ourselves. They do not brave it with waterproofs or umbrellas. They simply resign themselves to incarceration while it lasts. Of course, I am not here speaking of the work-a-day world who have so much business to get through, and get through it alike in fine weather or foul; I allude to the vast number of rich folks and well-to-do folks now keeping holiday in country houses, the *avoués*, *notaires*, and others from the neighbouring town, none of whom are without a "campagne" in which to enjoy the Long Vacation. As a rule, however, wet weather is not a drawback to holiday enjoyment in France. There will be short spells of rain between the middle of August and the first week of November, autumn chill and fog as winter draws near, but no unbroken succession of wet days, as is the case in some parts of England even when the summer should be at its height. This year's experience, however, is exceptional, three months of drought were suddenly followed by storms and rain, and the last week of August was very English in the matter of weather.

In the Lake district or in North Wales tourists and holiday-makers go out for walks even when "the rain, it raineth every day." In France people act after a more indolent and perhaps more rational fashion. They do not put their noses out of doors till the sun shines again. The day is idled through by hosts and guests indoors.

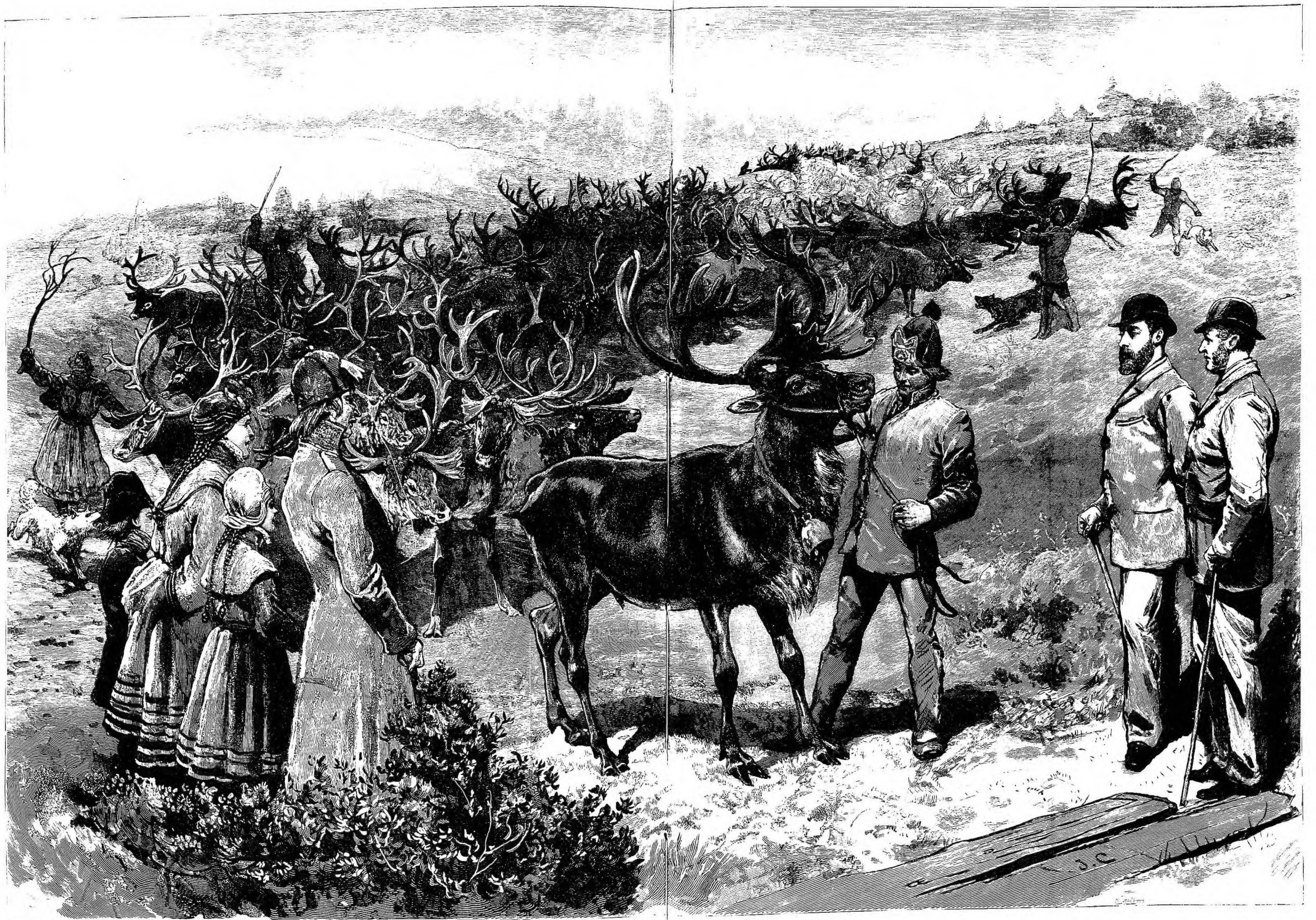
The novel is a great resource, and let me here do away with a singular prejudice that exists in England as to French novels and French novel-readers. The novel now in vogue in France is the novel that may be read aloud in the family circle on a rainy day. The tremendous popularity of that pretty little story by Halévy, "L'Abbé Constantin," attests the fact. Now "L'Abbé Constantin" is every bit as innocent as one of Miss Yonge's stories. There is not a line, not a word, that the most prudish English *démousselle* could object to hear read aloud to her by a French host of the other sex. Another pretty little novel, by a comparatively new author, is almost as much of a favourite—"La Lizardière," and the two stories may be taken as types of the new French novel. Both end happily, as all French novels should do. Both contain charmingly bright and ideal pictures of domestic life, and both team with those descriptions of fabulous wealth and success which French people adore. Fortunes are made in a day. Everybody lives as luxuriously as Sir Thomas and Lady Brassy at Normanhurst. The right maiden marries the right lover, money flies in every direction consoling the poor and unhappy, and not a soul is left inconsolated at last. The new French novel, moreover, will have nothing to do with villains. All must be innocent, cheerful, piquant, amusing.

Our neighbours like to take their novels as well as anything else in company, and thus it came about that one of our party read aloud for the benefit of the rest, the ladies plying needles and knitting-pins, the men listening. The arrival of the post with letters and newspapers interrupts our novel, but letter-writing is by no means the serious and laborious occupation here as among ourselves.

Next comes the cheerful event of the *déjeuner*, an incident which calls for some remark quite irrespective of the weather. On Fridays, religiously kept as fast days in Catholic families, the skill of the cook is especially called into requisition. The care bestowed by French people on the proper preparation of food is something quite beyond English comprehension, and on no days in the week is culinary skill more put to the test than on Fridays. Take the *pièce de résistance* in the shape of baked potatoes, for instance. We English folk do not know the real taste of potatoes in their jackets, as the phrase goes. Here (only the choicest kind being used) they are elaborately piled in a boiler full of hot ashes placed over a smouldering wood fire, and thus slowly cooked. Omelettes, again—why is it that English cooks *never* achieve an omelette? Simply because they will not be at the trouble to learn what *should*, and what *should not*, go into an omelette. They leave out the right things, put in the wrong, and invariably serve their omelettes at the wrong time.

Let it be known, for once and for all, then, that there are two ingredients French cooks always leave out of their dishes, viz., pepper and onions. The national *pot au feu*, so delicate in





THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWEDEN—THE PRINCE EXAMINING A HERD OF REINDEER BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO STORLIEN BY ORDER OF THE KING

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



flavour, so unattainable in England, is guileless alike of onions and pepper: it is just flavoured with a small leek, a young carrot, and a slice of the strong white radish called *rave*, and that is all. But the excellence of the *pot au feu* is due above all to the earthen pot in which it slowly simmers for an entire day. French cooks will tell you that no *potage* must be put into a metal saucepan. It is the earthen pot that makes the *pot au feu*. I might dilate at considerable length, did space permit, on the interesting and instructive subject of cookery. In France your host and hostess are so amiable and easy-going that an English guest is permitted, nay, encouraged, to go into the kitchen for the sake of obtaining information. The cook, in this case a peasant woman whose long life has been spent with her employers, will explain the methods and show her utensils;—in fact a wet morning or two thus spent is full of diversion and utility to the lady guests from England.

When our neighbours make holiday, they make holiday in right good earnest. Frenchmen idling away the Long Vacation in the country will not object to a game of whist in the afternoon when prevented by wet weather from going out in search of quails and partridges. And, in spite of the national aversion to rain, there is no grumbling and growling as with us. Novels, newspapers, the piano, whist, are good-humouredly accepted as substitutes for more exhilarating recreations, and the long day of rain winds up cheerfully with a family *soirée* at night. Relations—who always live as near each other as possible in France—numbering here five-and-twenty souls in a single village, meet at the house of one member. The young folks get up a dance and play games, their elders betake themselves to whist or conversation. Tea and the popular biscuits of *Huntlee* and *Lalmère* are served at nine o'clock, and at ten the various parties of guests, lantern in hand, find their way home. Thus it will be seen that a wet week in a French country house is not without many compensations. M. B. E.



"MY WIFE'S NIECE," by the author of "Dr. Edith Romney" (3 vols.; Bentley), requires close and attentive reading; and not only requires, but deserves it. There can be no question that the author has put his, or her, best powers of work into the novel; and, even as it is an advance upon "Dr. Edith Romney," so we may assume that it promises future work of a yet more satisfactory quality. Wholly satisfactory the present novel cannot be called. The plot is at once conventional and improbable; and the portraiture and development of the heroine, who has to sustain nearly the entire interest, is of transcendent, perhaps insuperable, difficulty. Many readers, unless they give the work all the attention which, as we have said, it deserves, will be disposed to regard her as a hopeless idiot, and to have done with her. She certainly acts in the most perversely idiotic manner throughout. But her extravagant stupidities and absurdities will be found to result from the action of exceedingly peculiar circumstances upon a very exceptional temperament; and it becomes quite easy to perceive that Mildred, under conditions of another order, would have risen to them, and was even capable of greatness had it been called for. It is unfortunate that the author has chosen to make her the victim of her nature and of her circumstances throughout, and have left it entirely to the reader to discover Mildred's potentialities through their disguise. Nevertheless to have suggested so much more than is given is something to have done, and shows a much more than ordinary talent for psychological study. The remaining characters are of widely differing degrees of merit. Mildred's two lovers, and successive husbands, are mere lay figures—reproductions of types that belong rather to feminine fiction than to reality. But such characters as Mr. Norton, his wife, and Gussy Heathcote, that is to say those in which an element of comedy enters, are studies from the life. The leading defect of this exceedingly able novel is its tendency to indulge at every turn in psychological analysis and criticism of the most minute kind. It is always able done; but in this matter quality cannot possibly compensate for quantity.

The shower of shilling romance still continues; and must therefore be held to have met a genuine demand. Indeed, it seems likely that it will occupy a considerable portion of the criticism of contemporary fiction for some time to come. Of three at present before us, the palm for literary merit must unquestionably be given to "A Summer's Day-Dream; and Other Stories," by Julian Ord (Edinburgh: E. Grant and Son). One is so little accustomed to look for style or thought in a shilling novel, that the presence of both together comes as a welcome surprise. Mr. Ord eschews the sensational—indeed, he is open to the charge of running into the opposite extreme. His theme is the possibility, or rather the advisability, of love between a middle-aged man and a young girl, with special reference to the previous treatment of the same subject by Goethe and others. He brings his love story to a successful issue; but he leaves his own views none the less in a haze. His dissertations on various kindred questions of human nature are invariably interesting and suggestive, and never run too deep for the most rapid reader—indeed, his "padding" is the best and brightest part of his exceedingly simple and puritanically unsensational story. His characters also are as natural and sympathetic as his style; and he has achieved a small triumph in his portraiture, attempted for the first time, of an exceedingly characteristic type of young Englishman—so common and so completely national a type, that it is strange the discovery and the examination of it should have been reserved for the good fortune of Mr. Ord.

"Done in the Dark," by Arthur T. Pask (153, Fleet Street), is of a very different kind: and, it must be owned, of a much more popular order. The author has been happy in his choice of period and circumstance for his story of exciting incident—the traffic between French and English smugglers at the commencement of the great war. Character is nowhere and incidents everything; and the latter are well and picturesquely told. Frankly sensational as it is, there is neither puerility nor vulgarity, and there are many signs of special study of the period, with more conscientious attempt at historical accuracy and colour than is at all usual. Altogether, it is an exceptionally good specimen of the not very lofty order of fiction to which it belongs. The shorter stories that follow are of no particular merit, but serve fairly well to fill up a volume that would otherwise have been less than shilling size.

No. II. of Mr. Phil Robinson's "Indian Garden Series," entitled "Tigers at Large" (Sampson Low and Co.), comes somewhat questionably under the heading of fiction, although "The Swamp Goblin," for example—a very weird piece of fancy—must give it a place in that category. On the whole, the little volume would be best described as a very deliberate and self-conscious piece of bookmaking, such as an able journalist can easily compile out of his articles for newspapers and magazines. The volume is certainly light and lively, with the exception of a long paper on "Some Poets' Monsters," which is just about as dull as it ought not to be. And if Mr. Robinson would realise that it is not the whole duty of literary man to strain after smartness, his "Indian Garden Series" would be much lighter and livelier still. As it is, to read more than a few pages at a time is decidedly irritating.

Assuming that the highest function of the human faculties, whether exercised in art or in literature, or in aught else, is to advertise something or somebody, nothing but praise can be bestowed upon "The Stockbroker's Wife," and many other stories,

by Bracebridge Hemynge, edited by John Shaw (1 vol.; J. and R. Maxwell). Its purpose seems to be to advertise Mr. John Shaw in his capacity, not of editor, but of stockbroker: and it does this admirably on the whole. In only one important respect it fails—it presents brokers and their clients overmuch in the light of gamblers and greenhorns, or rather, of both together, and successful greed, combined with vulgarity, as the highest attribute of humanity. However, fiction applied to the paramount uses of advertisement cannot, of course, be judged by sentimental canons in this practical age. Otherwise it would have been sufficient to say that Mr. Bracebridge Hemynge's stories, edited by John Shaw, are about the stupidest and vilest trash that has ever been perpetrated in book form.

#### SOME LITERARY NOTES ON CHELTENHAM

CHELTENHAM has hardly any history belonging to it, except a brief interesting literary history. In the neighbourhood are many places of historic interest, duly visited by tourist parties from Cheltenham, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Berkeley, and Worcester; but the little hamlet on the Chelt had the barest existence until recent times. A hundred years ago it had only the straggling High Street,—"A long town, having a market," is Leland's description. Its waters became talked of as being as good in their way as those of Bath, a city with which it has long maintained an honourable competition. It is curious that, after a long period of obscurity, the waters of both spas are rising again in fashionable repute. Royalty gave its approving stamp to the place, and then the tide of fashion set in strongly. The great Gloucestershire family of the Berkeleys resided much in Cheltenham, and greatly promoted the interests of the place. Grantley Berkeley, in his autobiographical writings, speaks very much of it. He says, "Cheltenham, like Brighton, began very soon to stretch out its arms to the surrounding lanes, and to turn what used to be its pretty bye-ways and paths into streets and roads. The market was no longer held in the High Street, shops spread themselves in all directions, magnificent promenades and convenient places for drinking the waters arose, and it became in size almost a city."

As Queen Adelaide resided here, the biggest inn of the time was called the Clarence, and the inn-yard is supposed to be the largest inn-yard in England. Multitudes of coaches then passed daily through the place. Lord Segrave's pack of hounds from here hunted the Cotswolds. Lord Ellenborough, on his return from the Viceroyalty of India, lived at Southam, a few miles from Cheltenham, and brought down famous guests from London. Cheltenham was so crowded with old Indians that it was popularly known as Asia Minor. A good deal of the fugitive sketches, stories, and light verse have Cheltenham as their theme.

The literary repute of Cheltenham rests mainly on a period of a dozen years, during which there was a galaxy of remarkable men residing in the town. Indeed, an ingenious author, who calls himself "Contem Ignotus," has written a book entitled "Ten Years of a Favoured Town," by which he means Cheltenham. "Frederick Robertson, Sydney Dobell, and Alfred Tennyson were all living there together, and might have been seen on the same summer morning or summer evening, weaving that wondrous prose or composing that wondrous verse, which was to raise them to the pedestal of the immortals." Mr. Tennyson, with his mother and sisters and his brother Horatio, resided at No. 1, St. James's Square. Tennyson has been supposed to have Cheltenham in mind when he wrote the lines—

a goodly place,  
A realm of pleasure, many a mound  
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn  
Full of the city's stilly sound.

He was often in the habit of walking and musing in a place known as Jessop's Gardens, close to his mother's house.

In one of his letters Robertson speaks of meeting Tennyson at Cheltenham. This was at the house of Dr. Acland, a well-known physician of that time. It was during his residence at Cheltenham that "In Memoriam" appeared. When Dobell had made himself famous by his poem of "The Roman," he and Tennyson were acquainted, if not before. One day the two poets and Thomas Carlyle went out on an expedition for a long walk and talk on the Malverns. Dobell had been brought up in a peculiarly isolated and secluded way. He did not live in Cheltenham itself, but in two successive houses on either side of it. One of these was on the famous Birdlip Height, commanding a panoramic view; the other was at Charlton Kings, on the Oxford Road, sheltered by clustering firs and encircled by the amphitheatre of the Cotswolds. The only time when he was absolutely resident in Cheltenham was when he lived with his father, who was a wine merchant, in a house, partly office and partly home, "open to the country, with paddock and good garden." Frederick Robertson, then a curate only little known, was advancing towards the splendid maturity of his powers. In the last years of his life, after he had become famous, he revisited Cheltenham, and wrote to a friend one of the best descriptions of it extant:—"The Cotswold Hills, which surround Cheltenham, exhibiting a great variety of outline, and rich in woods, were in extreme beauty from the colouring. Among these hills are some of the loveliest valleys which I know anywhere. The building, too, of Cheltenham is far superior in style to that of Brighton, greatly varied, and almost all the detached villas in good taste—some Italian, others Elizabethan; but there is an air of lightness and grace about it which is quite different from Cockneyism. This is much assisted by the abundance of trees with which the town is filled; many of the streets like boulevards; one long walk of ancient elms, a noble avenue." Walking into Leckhampton Churchyard he particularly notes the tomb of Major Macready, the brother of the tragedian.

Years after Robertson wrote these lines Macready himself came to reside in Cheltenham, and he too has a description of the place. Writing to his friend Lady Pollock he says:—"I presume you who 'have seen the cities and manners of many men' have not omitted Cheltenham in your wide survey. If so you will not dissent from my opinion of its beauty. I do not think there is a town in England or out of it laid out with so much taste, such a continual intermixture of garden, villa, street, and avenue. The hills that encompass it are objects of interest and beauty, observable from almost every point; the conveniences of all kind equal those of London; and with the shops, and clubs, and various institutions, give the promise for residence answering the demands of the most fastidious. So much for Cheltenham itself."

There are further associations about Cheltenham closely akin to the literary character. In the days of which we have been speaking there were two eloquent clergymen, widely known throughout the country, each of whom became a Dean—Dr. Boyd and Dr. Close. Dean Close was in several ways a great benefactor to the town. He established the Cheltenham Normal College, and was of considerable service also in establishing the Proprietary College, which has taken a high place among the public schools of England. The Head Masters of Cheltenham are names famous in English scholarship. Another public school, in memory of Dean Close, is appropriately rising in the town. Indeed, Cheltenham is acquiring a higher reputation for its schools than it ever possessed for its spas. The Ladies' College in Cambray is the largest institution of the kind in the country, and is in the van of all such undertakings. An interesting social and literary history belongs to the subject of the Higher Education of Women. Cheltenham has recently lost in Dr. Wright one of the best modern representatives of geological science. A grateful recollection will be retained by Cheltonians of

Thirlestane House, in which were enshrined the famous Northbrook collections and pictures, and afterwards furnished a home for Sir T. Philipps' great library. Cheltenham is well off for libraries and clubs. It is so close to the ancient city of Gloucester, and the communications so constant, that the two places altogether belong to each other. They form a combination of a remarkable kind, and, as in the case of a well-assorted match, the old Cathedral city and the modern watering-place mutually contrast with and supplement each other. F. A.

#### HIGHLAND WHISKY SMUGGLERS

THIS is distinctly an age of grievances, and every class seems to be possessed of a large stock, which it takes good care to exhibit to the world at large on every opportunity. But of all classes the illicit manufacturers of whisky have had, during the past twenty years, to bear much more than an average share of them. First came the real earnestness of the excisemen to make captures, so changed since the days when Robert Burns was one, for he, it is said, before making an official inspection of any suspected place, paid it a *private* visit, and gave the broa' est possible hint of the near advent of the "gauger," on one occasion going so far as to peep in at a back-door and exclaim, "Kate, woman, are you mad? The supervisor and me will be here in half-an-hour." No such hints are nowadays given, and the result is that captures are much more numerous, and only two or three weeks ago a note appeared in the Northern newspapers, saying that the Beaulieu preventive staff had just made their twenty-sixth capture of smugglers' apparatus within the past four years.

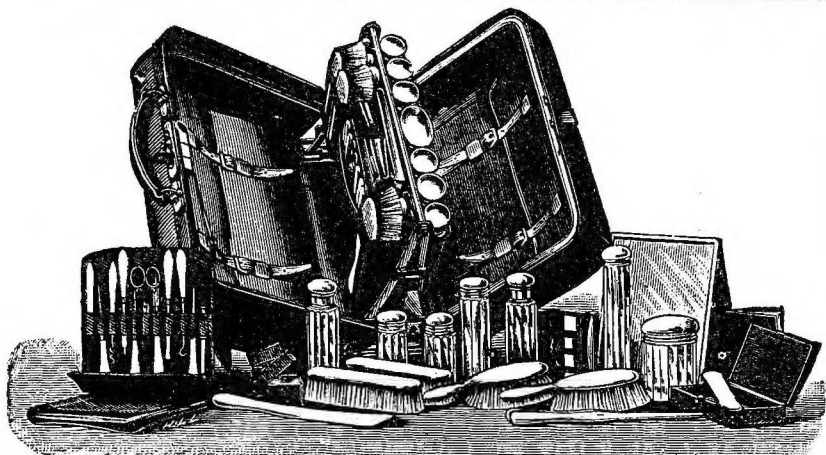
By the abolition of the malt-tax in 1880, Mr. Gladstone has certainly helped the poor smugglers, who promptly and fully availed themselves of the unprecedented facilities afforded them by that measure for carrying on their work. Previous to 1880, the private manufacture of malt was illegal, and smugglers were in danger of the gauger from the time they began preparing the malt till the end of distilling, a period of fully four weeks. Now, however, the smuggler may prepare the malt at his ease, and has only to run any risk during the five or six days of brewing, fermenting, and distilling. But handicapped as the Inland Revenue officers thus are, they seem to be proving too much for the smugglers, most of whom when caught get very heavily fined. Mr. Childers's now famous proposal to raise the duty on spirits by two shillings, as well as his soothing assurance that there was now no fear of smuggling, would have given a fresh impetus to smugglers, and had it continued to be given effect to, no one might have been astonished if the reported consumption had shown a larger decrease than the four million gallons calculated on by Mr. Childers. In 1815 the duty of 6s. 7d. in the Highlands and 8s. per gallon in the Lowlands was raised to 9s. 4d. all over Scotland, and the result was, that the reported consumption sank from 1,591,000 gallons in 1815 to 918,000 gallons in 1816, that is, to nearly one half, as if anyone could imagine a Scotchman going on half allowance of whisky, even if he has to pay in addition the proverbial "saxpence" per bottle. The truth is, that smuggling still is, and probably will be, carried on while smugglers find that the amount of duty evaded compensates for the risk run. To reduce this risk to a minimum it was necessary that the smuggler should be master of his trade, and so every young smuggler had to serve an apprenticeship in the bothy, round the fire in which the whole smuggling band were wont to sit and tell tales of how they had "run" their whisky. They would then talk over ways and means whereby in every imaginable circumstance they might elude the terrible "gauger." Probably this education, combined with the frequency with which the risk of detection had to be faced, has given smugglers that ingenuity, wit, and coolness for which they are famed, and of which many a strange tale has been told. One or two of the hundred of such, which abound in Scotland, illustrative of exciting pursuits and "sells," may be given.

An exciseman invariably followed a smuggler for a considerable distance to his lonely bothy, and after seeing him lift a heathery turf and descend as it were to the earth, he quickly ran up to the spot and unceremoniously entered, rejoicing in what he thought was an easy capture. The smuggler, however, betrayed no consternation, and simply asked, "Did anyone see you coming in?" "None," was the gauger's answer. "Then," said the smuggler seizing a large axe, "deil a one will ever see you going out." This was enough for the terrified exciseman, who ran for dear life, and returned in a few hours with help, but found that the bothy was completely emptied of every smuggling utensil. Women also, as might be expected, when abettors of smugglers, display a wonderful readiness of resource. An exciseman, pretending to be a weary pedestrian, entered the house of a reputed smuggler, and said, "I feel very tired, and would like some refreshment. Just give me a good glass of whisky." A glass of whisky with some bread and cheese were soon before him, and of it he partook, inwardly chuckling at the success of his stratagem. When he had finished he innocently asked, "What have I now got to pay for my whisky?" To which the gudewife as innocently replied, "You have naething to pay for the whisky, but I'll tak' saxpence for the bread and cheese you ate."

As gaugers are gradually growing more cunning, smugglers find it more and more difficult to put them off the scent, and that the following stratagem was successful in doing this only two or three years ago is probably owing to its novelty. A respectable householder—and it is another of the smugglers' grievances that their trade is now beginning to be considered respectable—had the whole distilling apparatus in full swing in his kitchen, preparing his Christmas supply, when a couple of preventive men on horseback were seen less than a mile distant making for the house. One of the young men quickly fetched a horse from the stable, and after mounting it, had a large basket, in which was placed a smoking peat, handed up to him. When he knew that he was seen by them, he set off at full gallop. The excisemen soon agreed that the apparatus was being carried off before their eyes, and gave chase. The Highlander led them in the direction of a bog, across which was a ford, only six feet broad, and over it his horse dashed at full speed. The pursuing horses, which like their masters seemed to have entered into the spirit of the pursuit, came abreast and dashed in after him, one on each side of his track. In less time than it takes to tell the two pursuing horses were up to the girls in the bog, with their riders prone in front of them. When the Highlander saw this, he rode back towards them and said, "If you wish this old basket of my mother's, you are welcome to it." They saw they were "sold," but did not return by way of the house as they knew that by that time everything would be effectually hidden.

But the excisemen are by no means always the vanquished, and one illustration of their cleverness may *per contra* be given. The excisemen had many reasons to believe that a certain Highlander smuggled largely, but though they watched and searched his premises repeatedly, they failed to find anything to inculpate him. One night however a long-headed exciseman with his assistants went to a farmhouse in the neighbourhood, knocked the people up, and in the Queen's name demanded a horse and cart to help them to carry away the smuggler's utensils. The inmates of course thought that the game was up with their poor neighbour, and got ready horse, cart, and driver. The excisemen jumped into it, and simply said, "Drive on now, as fast as you can," not specifying any place, and the stupid driver never dreaming that the "still" had not already been seized by them, drove them to the bothy door, and in a few minutes the smuggler was a prisoner, betrayed by a true friend. A. P.





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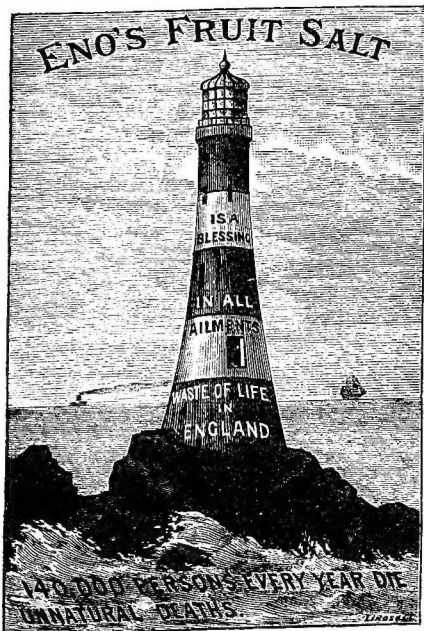
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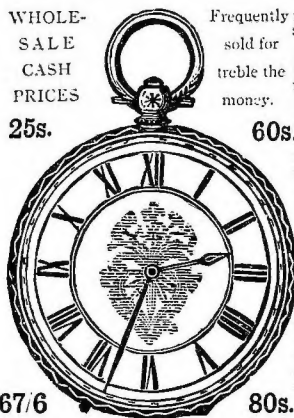
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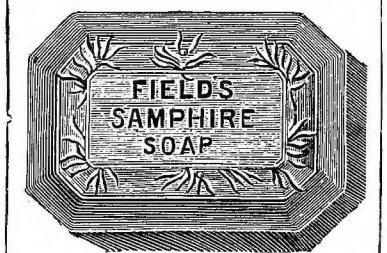
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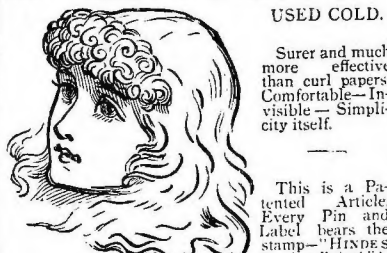
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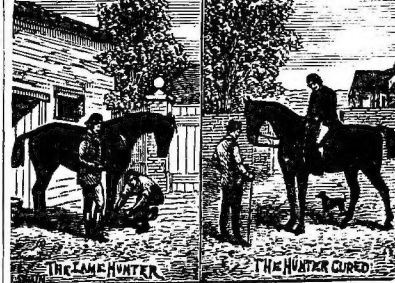
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